

Read **SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S 'POISON BELT'**

Scoops

STORIES of the **WONDER-WORLD** of TOMORROW



A New Building Material For To-morrow

ICE ISLANDS to SPAN the OCEANS

Islands of Artificial Ice as Landing Fields for Trans-Ocean Aircraft

A LEMBURG, Germany has two vessels anchored in the Atlantic as supply and salvaging ships for her South American mail planes. The first landing experiment for trans-ocean aircraft will commence in a month or two.

But that doesn't mean a step nearer possibility with the proposal of a German inventor, Dr. Gerke, his engineers' new building material, ice. If the experiments upon which he is now engaged prove successful any of the first ones in which the new material may be put to the building of a chain of ice links across the Atlantic. The islands will be formed during the winter in shallow waters—many of which exist in the ocean. Ships carrying refrigerating plants will proceed to the proposed sites and planes will be laid under the sea. An island of ice will then be formed, and once this is done there will be nothing to hinder the actual building of a gigantic landmass.

The accompanying picture is an artist's impression of the amazing project. Other uses proposed for ice is in the building of dams, and for locking harbours in case of need.



Great Scientifiction Story by the World's Master of Science Fiction

An Amazing Story of the
Most Famous Scientist
of Fiction—Professor
Challenger

The World Swims into
a Poison Belt of Ether,
Nor Walls, Nor Steel,
Nor Sealed Chambers
Can Stay the Tide of
Death



The POISON Belt

By

Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE

★ THE TIDE OF DEATH

THE end of the world? Our eyes turned to the great low window and we looked out at the massive beauty of the country side, the long slopes of hillsides, the great country houses, the cosy farms, the pasture fields upon the hills. The end of the world? One had often heard the words, but one is slow that they could ever have an immediate practical significance, that it should not be of some vague distant date, but now, to-day, that was a tremendous, staggering thought. We were all struck silent and waited in respectful challenge to continue. His surprising gravity and appearance had sunk into the solemnity of his words that for a moment all the splendours of the sun vanished, and he loomed before us as something superior and beyond the range of ordinary humanity. Thus to sit, at least, there came back the glowing recollection of how often since we had entered the room he had stared with laughter. Surely, I thought, there are limits to mortal endurance. The crisis cannot be so great or so pressing after all.

"You will excuse a burst of guffaw," said he, "which was occasioned by some unintentional laughter. The professor passed it through a disinfectant medium. It may be that he desires his pipes to be cleaned. It may be that he needs space to breed scientific theories. He slips into the glasses and they are gone. The discharger is in my opinion, about to dip the water glass, and the lecturer himself will be stretched out of existence."

"Where there was where. It was looked by the high wall of the telephone bell.

"The one of our mouth speaking for the world with a great smile

He was gone from the room for a minute or two. I remember that once of us spoke of his absence. The situation seemed beyond all words or comments.

"The medical officer of health for Brighton," said he, "has returned." The Professor and the some reason developing

FOR NEW READERS

In a letter to the Editor, Professor Challenger announced that it is his opinion that the systematic shooting of *Phaenocarpa* flies of the species found in a widespread oceanic change, and that the world is changing into a poison belt or other. He attributes the sudden absence of the species of the island of Hawaii to the effects of the poison.

At the same time, the Professor has informed us how the little group of the "Lost World"—Professors Challenger, Lord John Brixton, and Mr. Malone, the newspaper reporter.

He asks these all to bring a specimen of oxygen, and when they come of his house he promises that, in his opinion, they are about to witness the end of the world.

with rapidly upon the gas-valve. Our eyes, startled but of devotion give us an attention. But we were to have learned that I was the first authority upon the question. No doubt it comes from my letter to the Editor. That was the source of a personal letter with whom I talked when we first arrived. He seemed to put an entirely inflated value upon my own life. I helped him to re-adjust his eyes."

Challenger had then and was standing by

the window. His thin, bony hands were knocking with emotion.

"Challenger," said he, earnestly, "this thing is too serious for mere polite argument. Do not suppose that I desire to irritate you by any question I may ask. But I put it to you whether there may not be some relief in your indifference or in your stance. There is the sun shining as brightly as ever in a blue sky. There are the houses and the fields. There are the hills rising themselves upon the hillsides, and the blossoms under calling the sun. You tell us that they and we may be upon the very brink of destruction—that this awful day may be that day of doom which the human race has so long awaited. So far as we know, you found this tremendous judgment upon what? I put some thousands here in a spectrum—open windows from beneath—open seats, chairs, personal effects, and what we have. Assured in each other. This latter opinion is not so carried out that you and we could, by a deliberate effort, control it. You need not stand in conversation with us, Challenger. We have all faced death together before now. Speak out, and let us know frankly where our stand and what is your opinion, are our prospects for our future?"

It was a brave, good speech, a speech from that steady and strong spirit which he had held all the wisdom and sagacity of the old world. Lord John rose and shook his head by the head.

"By whatever is a day," said he. "New Challenger, it's up to you to tell us where we are. We can't see much talk, as you know well, but when it comes to making a workable visit and finding you've not full but into the Day of Judgment, it wants a lot of explanation." What's the danger, and how much

...excitations in his mind and feelings... the passage possible over life to life. No, Somersleepe, I will have some of your materialism for I, at least, am too good a thing to end in mere physical consciousness, a packet of salts and three bushels of water. Here—here—[and he beat his great hand with his huge, hairy fist—] there is something which no matter, but is not of it—something which must destroy Death, but which Death can never destroy.

"Same here!" and Lord John. "I'm a Christian of sorts, but it seems to me there was something mighty natural in those assertions of ours who were burned with their eyes and loins and arse and the like, same as if they were limo or just the same as they used to be. I don't know," he added, looking round the table in a sheepish way, "but I wouldn't feel very lonely myself if I was put away with my old 482 Express and the fashin' goods, the shavin' one with the scuffed stock, and a slip or two of calico-roughed a fool's liver, of course, but then it is. How does it strike you, Hon. Professor?"

"Well," and Somersleepe, "since you ask me, it strikes me as an unadmirable throw-back to the Stone Age or before it. I'm of the three-in-the-century, and would wish to be like a civilized man. I don't know that I am more afraid of death than the rest of you, for I am an oldish man, and, you know what, I can't have very much longer to live, but it is all against my nature to sit waiting without a struggle like a sheep for the butcher. Is it quite certain, Challengee, that there is nothing we can do?"

"To save something," and Challengee, "To prolong our lives a few hours, and wait to see the evolution of this mighty bugger before us are actually evolved is—that may prove to be wiser, my justice. I have taken certain steps—"

"The oxygen?"

"Exactly. The oxygen."

"But—let us oxygen effect in the face of a poisoning of the ether?" There is not a greater difference in quality between a kicklet and a gas than there is between oxygen and ether. They are different pieces of matter. They cannot exchange upon one another. Youse, Challengee, you could not defend such a proposition.

"My good Somersleepe, the etheric portion is about certainly influenced by material agents. We see it in the work and distribution of the animals. We should not a point have expected it, but it is undoubtedly a fact. Hence I am strongly of opinion that a gas like oxygen, which saturates the vitally and the rising portion of the body, would be extremely likely to delay the action of what you have so happily named the chlorine. It may be that I am mistaken, but I have every confidence in the correctness of my reasoning."

"Well," and Lord John, "if we've got a bit of work at these tables like no many tables with these bottles, I'm not taking any."

"There will be no need for that," Challengee answered. "We have made arrangements to be my wife that you chiefly own it—that her husband shall be made an air-tight as is practicable. With nothing and vanished paper—"

"Good heavens, Challengee, you don't suppose you can keep out ether with varnished paper—"

"Really, my worthy friend, you are a little prettier on the matter the point. It is not to keep out the ether, but we have gone to such trouble. It is to keep in the oxygen. I trust that if we can ensure an atmosphere hyper-oxygenated to a certain point, we may be able to stave our enemies. I had two trolleys of the gas and you have brought me three more. It is not much, but it is something."

"How long will they last?"

"I have not an idea. We will not turn them on until our symptoms become unbearable. It is we shall take the gas out as it is urgently needed. It may give us some hours, possibly even some days, as all it may look out upon a blessed world. Our own fate is delayed in that manner, and we will have the very singular experience, we are of being, in all probability, the absolute safeguard of the human race upon its march into the unknown. Perhaps you will be kind enough now to give me a hand with the cylinders. It seems to me that the atmosphere already gives somewhat more oxygen than—"

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(See Arthur Conan Doyle's amazing story and its continued next week.)

The rioting in Paris was violent. Great numbers lay dead in the streets.

S.O.S. from

Men may still scoff at the idea of Inter-Planetary travel, but it does not deter the Science Fiction Writer. In this vivid narrative our author takes three young space explorers to answer a distress cry from the planet Saturn.

The Earthmen's screws quivered along that levitable beam of wood. Across the polished top of a metal table a crystal beam traveled slowly, vibrating gradually towards the edge under the vibration of three mighty tones. It was the shimmering of this beam as it fell that startled some five men in MacRufus' and he shut down on the steering coil.

The water-cooled cog into space, but MacRufus and his companions were speechless. Their hands still sang the hollow songs.

MacRufus spoke. "No doubt about that. What do you make of it?"

"S.O.S." A bit doubtful which planet, though. . . . But you always "a bit doubtful" about things that aren't mysterious.

The dash was set in your own calculations," snapped MacRufus, "and it was Saturn sending out that yell."

"Here come a checkup from Wildy.

"Blurred if that ain't the best. What are you fellows getting at? A trip to a great world like Saturn to settle a couple of planet quakes? What do you think Saturn is—a trip to distress."

"I'll tell you you can't," declared MacRufus. "Saturn knows we've heard their call."

"They'll be pretty far advanced in science," agreed Sal, "but I don't see how we can help."

"In some things we may be a notch or two in front of them," remarked MacRufus thoughtfully.

"Suggests? If it's scapple's, M.L.A.—get going!" grinned Wildy.

MacRufus had been staring at the yellow glow of the Earth disc. He sat as now.

Saturn's outside on range. We haven't been away from our own world yet, so to speak. . . . No distress, perhaps, and I don't see how we're going to help. Unless we're all right on the spot. . . . Maybe other things will answer Saturn's call."

Even as he spoke, MacRufus had decided on a next move.

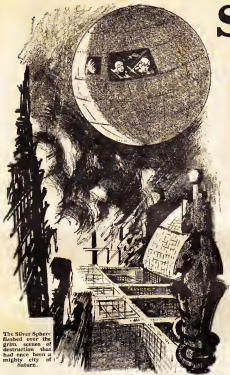
Deliberately, he checked the lights against Saturn's frequency, and the planet's red began to waver over in the disc, as the Earth's yellow grew steadily brighter. Sent the signal from Saturn could be faintly heard.

"We may be no more than a suggestion to the brains on Saturn—and we haven't even got a gas in the sphere," Mac went on.

"Suggests it's a trap," interrupted Sal. "They could bait it with that S.O.S."

"But what if we could help some poor creature. . . . They can't get us on that, by Heaven, we can get in there. You can have your frequency on, day of possibility, clasp us up in this sphere and I'll chance the journey—and traps!"

"We could build another silver sphere" ventured Sal doubtfully, "and get you out of trouble. . . . That's if we got to Saturn. . . . All the same, Wildy, you're such a mad lad, I think I'll be with you."



The Silver Sphere flashed over the grim scenes of destruction that had once been a mighty city of Saturn.

* MACRUFUS ANSWERS A CALL

THE faint pulsations began to come in stronger. They shimmered in out of the empty sea of black space, while the sphere of molten steel sped, a tiny white spot, through the immensity of the void.

MacRufus, standing in the silver red glow of the sphere's great steel disc, looked like a figure of bronze as his powerful hands adjusted microscopic controls, deftly tuning in to that electric pulsing signal from one of the remote planets.

Rocked by its bands adjusted a new vibration on the dial, muffled those desired and the steady pulsations became a regular boom. Then, as MacRufus' status aligned on the various, the beam took on a metallic clasp.

"Saturn. Calling in now," MacRufus shouted suddenly, and the three Earthmen peered rigid for the shock they knew was coming.

MacRufus placed the faint yellow glow of the Earth just lighting one of the episodic frequency dials, moved a lever a couple of notches, and the silver red disc of Saturn in the upper disc started slightly.

Then, moving among crystal coils and sliding metal plates that buttressed the interior of the sphere, and tearing as atoms whirled, he began an elaborate mechanism in a gigantic coil that coiled across the rounded void.

"Saturn knows the signal code. . . . Telegraph. . . . A mixed signal. . . . These are the last words they heard through the air."

They, full power, striking in from space, over the four giant axes. The silver sphere sang like a bell.

Soon the terrific notes stirred the room. The shocks were no more sound, but signs, intelligent signals pulsing directly in the void.

Drawing away through an sterility of space,

Transparent Demons of Saturn

The stern look faded from MacRuff's features. He turned quickly to the network of spheres.

"That's what I was waiting for," he groaned, turning toward again.

On a screen like ground glass a section of the Earth was visible. There was a dim view as if of rain over the same-puzzling vapors and clouds. Even as they stared at the Earth it darkened, dissolved to a silvery point of starlight, they went out.

ing like an eager dog through the ports.

"Look below!"

"Crawling to the horizon among a vast red plain, the tops of its vegetation shading from deep purple to glowing pink."

"Looks like the Red Sea," was Sid's comment.

The sphere now floated a few hundred feet above a transparent verdure in an atmosphere that was pink.

"Look out! We're going down into that

red stuff stirred when something probed through them.

"Aaaaaah of some sort," ventured Sid.

At that moment there sounded a weird roaring hiss. With a shock the three companions glimpsed a transparent greenish creature, like a enormous glass star beetle. The thing crept up, its great mandibles clinking like some great machine.

Then the first transparent beast rose in a deliciously. With a flutter, a pack of three insects to close on Earthmen, was illuminated by great insects, almost invisible in the pinkish light.

It was Wildy who saved them. As the first great creature hauled at them, the man scratched a tooth from his pocket. In an instant it was something of which he could not be hatched it at the shimmering thing. A white larva stabbed through the man's mid and struck on the honey plates of the creature's throat. The roars were extinguished.

The creature ploughed violently on the beam of light struck it, splintered and died. An eye left it the thing whinnied and revealed a huge bug like hornet, opaque as ivory.

The first experience on Saturn this wasn't encouraging. But they had no intention of waiting to make a novel meal for a horde of transparent gelatinous monsters. In a burst of wondrous speed they hastily retreated to the sphere.

She clamped the hatch. Wildy was the first to speak.

"If Saturn's bugs are that big, what price their elephants?"

"Those beetles may be the biggest creatures on Saturn," observed Sid. "Anyway, if we stop here we'll starve. This pink ooze makes me hungry. I wonder if Saturn's red cabbage tastes all right?"

"We have ration aboard for a few days," MacRuff interrupted, "but I vote we get out of this. We'll try the silicon; we've got to discover what that R.S.B. meant."

Turning to the radio and outside ray telescope set, MacRuff began to tune up.

"Listen! Some one's coming in." Speaking quickly, he reached up and switched off the light.

Breathlessly, they watched a faint glow in

SATURN

With this terrific adventure fairly hunched, they felt like Earthmen knocking on the gates of Doom.

Time passed. The sphere was falling through later Planetary space, a little lonely space of dark is absolute odd.

★ ROYAL CITY OF SATURN

THE Silver Sphere was rapidly approaching the planet Saturn. Through its ports loomed a great ball, dull red, vent to the complete circle of the rainbow.

A host of small moons were whirling around it like a myriad of black fire, and daily falling to silver stars as the sphere shot beyond them.

A few moments more, and the fiery red vein of Saturn engulfed the sphere.

Now the lives of the three men depended on Sid's calculations. While the sphere plunged through the atmosphere of Saturn, terrific friction would be generated. The sphere might become an incandescent thunderbolt, unless rising mercury could pump a piston and mechanically crushed out the frequency of Saturn. The figure of mercury crept slowly up the glass tubes. Then suddenly the Silver Sphere checked.

red stuff—vegetation, or whatever it is," swore MacRuff.

"Red cabbage, perhaps," guessed Wildy, as they sank. "There doesn't seem to be anything growing down there."

The sphere settled gently on to the red silicon.

Then, quietly, a great wonder happened—Earthmen came to Saturn.

MacRuff took an air test and was amazed to find an oxygenated atmosphere.

"No need for space suits," he called, and Wildy sprang to the hatch. He dove in, waving the doorway wide; they started to explore through.

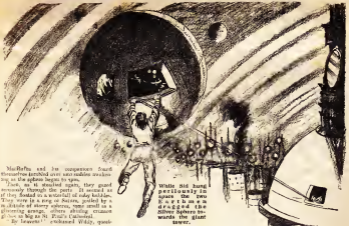
He dropped heavily through the opening, landing on soft, red colored berber. The others followed. They searched wearily about, intently regarding the weird pink landscape.

Then, MacRuff leading, they thrust through the crawling seaweed growth and gained the lip of a before.

"I'm an idea you're being watched," was puffed Sid. "Danger somewhere."

While a great excited breeze played about them, they peered around, alert. Suddenly MacRuff pointed.

"Look," he cried. "There's something hidden in this red stuff."



While Sid hung perilously in space the two Earthmen descended. The Silver Sphere towards the giant tower.

The Plague of the Planet

the laborer. The loudspeaker began to speak softly, and at the same moment shadows filled across the screen.

A moment later, the screen sprang into focus and they saw the stupendous architecture of a mighty palace, rising upward to a central jolly tower, while from the speaking seat issued an unmistakable appeal for help, repeated continuously. A strange crying sound like the wail of a lost child.

"It's someone in bad trouble, sure enough," muttered Wilby. "No one-but-head could cry that way."

"A real desperate resource, sending an appeal to the Universe for help. But let us do so," grumbled MacRufus impatiently.

"But we'll be on our way."

As soon as he had ascertained the direction of the radio signals, the apparatus was switched off.

Then the sphere rose gently from its little disk and sped over the red plains of Saturn.

A landscape of curious beauty spread beneath them. They passed over arid, forested forests. Mighty trees now stunted and sparse above the eroded wastes. A great range of black mountains was left behind them, and yet there was neither habitation nor city on the vast plains of Saturn.

Beyond the far-reaching mountain ranges, they sailed over a heaving plain of slabs, stretching vast and deserted to the remote horizon.

"That's a great sea," guessed Sid.

MacRufus was absorbed in the definite landscape adjustment of the vast, flat, featureless shores, contrasting the headlong rush of the sphere. A troubled look came into his eyes.

"I can't understand it," he said. "That sea's empty. No life and no mammals down to the very edge."

"We'll discover why when we land that tower. . . and the city," prophesied Wilby grimly.

MacRufus increased the speed of their flight. They dashed faster over the heaving seas until the rising temperature warned them that they had reached the safety limit of speed.

Then, rushing towards them, a line of pale blue glass hills rose out of the pink fog.

They rose a little, still looking onwards. A highly developed land now spread below them: a country of many tall cities with broad, straight highways fanning through them.

All the roads and parks were empty, the gardens deserted. In the distance great configurations reached to the red sky. Each sea city of galaxies presented a picture of vast and destruction. Walls were broken, pavements of the green blue stars fallen, and vegetation spreading over shattered stones like the tale of doom.

"Looks as if we're too late," sneered MacRufus, and murmured fit to the controls.

The sphere balanced at a steady tilt, peered about the ruins of a once mighty city while MacRufus, in the cathode ray apparatus, looked steadily and very close, the vision of a spinning globe appeared on the television while the signals sounded urgently and ceaselessly.

"We'll rise a bit," said MacRufus.

"Take the spheres and stand watch on either side. Give a shout when we reach that tower. I'm going to travel slowly. If we hit the vortex party, I hope we'll be in time," he concluded.

"There are lives everywhere," Sid reported. "I believe weird things are moving about the ruins," he went on.

"Look," cried Wilby. "There's a cloud of those jellyfish swarming on the north, swirling about like great sitting bottles."

"But was serious." It's a monstrous presence, he said slowly.

"How big, Mac? How far from the other part." "Let's get in front of them."

Over the fragile ruins the sphere hovered like a high-pressure boiler, as it peered through the atmosphere.

of the sphere, and we can take the reflector

covered with spars. Frenzied patches of orange, crimson stains climbed onto the roof tops of Saturn's sky.

So he pointed out the jolly signal tower rising from a multitude of rubble spars. MacRufus beckoned him and he silently took over the controls.

MacRufus stared through the ports at the impressive beauty of the city below. "The Mad City of Saturn," he muttered.

They hovered above an open space among the intricate buildings, and from every quarter over the distant countryside advanced a sinister, transparent army of death and destruction.

"People who build cities like this must be demon folk," roared MacRufus. "I don't think we need fear a hostile reception."

"If they'd got a bit'orth of backbone they'd have ordered those covering boats," fumed the infuriated Wilby.

"Strange thing," muttered Sid. "I haven't seen anything white on this planet—only the dead bog and a few white patches near these towers they smashed up."

"What have been the colors of death, and I believe these people believe in as help—no children," declared MacRufus.

The Silver Sphere floated gently down between the steep buildings, and like a bubble settling in earth, it came to rest on the purple loam.

Then at last they saw living beings in this unfriendly place. No wordy strange these, but certainly like Earth folk. Blue and red-skinned, they were draped in satiny robes that glistered like insect petals. They were eagerly, cowering and running from all directions, shading their eyes from the glow of the sphere.

They looked like children, bewildered, frightened, running for protection from Saturn closing to about them.

"Just look at that—no word a eye, and yet I believe these people believe in as help—no children," declared MacRufus.

Handing the people city space eye perpendicular architecture of pointed, granite-like, square pillars. Magnificent lattices closed the red clouds like lowering traps.

The three strangers in Saturn had hardly of their feet upon the dark green when, in their astonishment, they were each taken gently by the hand and led across the square towards one of the opposing pillars.

They noticed that the shrouded faces of their fragile, cowering little friends were marked with scars. Their voices sounded the mournful music as they murmured in their strange tongue.

"It's a darn shame," cried MacRufus, but what he meant by that facile speech he himself could not have told.

* THE LIGHT OF DEATH

IN the fashion they were conducted through an jagged, voidlike and along corridors in the cavernous, labyrinthic city of Saturn.

They descended in a sort of confusion with sixty pillars, rising to a noisy roof, and jolly windows framed in a tawdry of beamed ceiling.

Immediately, three tall persons, draped in rich cloaks, advanced. They solemnly opened the three companions into a cage, which here they readily opened and discharged them in a room at the summit of the central tower.

This room, set high above the city, offered a vista of red ruins and destruction. Mounds of the strange demons were convulsing in words like hot steam of beauty. And he had them, fire and smoking rates stretched to the far horizon.

MacRufus stood silent, appalled at the task which confronted them, while he mused at the blind faith of these spiders but jolly folk.

To these fragile people perhaps MacRufus seemed glibly, while he intimated their

stare and grow, the red looks flaring about his brow.

The Chief Senator of Saturn stepped forward and raised his hand above his head in exaltation.

"This old bird takes us for Hercules and Co.," murmured Wilby.

"We despised because spoke softly, but MacRufus showed his best vigorously."

The Chief Senator of Saturn was underway. As a sign a purely globe was set upon a stone table, and by signs the Senator bade them look. With eyes closed and signs they saw, magically among among evening vapors, scenes re-created, scenes of grand, dependable heroes, the Senator indicating mountains as a large map.

That they learned that the slender people, having for many ages no enemies, had devoted existence to culture, and to building up a great beauty, in the very day that began for ever on this side of Saturn's globe.

The people evolved into delicate, fragile beauty. Living for ages in security, they forgot war.

A lands of savage creatures had always been scattered from their land by the Elderly.

Developed as leaders of availing darkness, these enemy creatures had dwelt forgotten, until a planet appeared had covered and several islands became a bridge.

A swarm of sea-transparent demons got near before the bridge broke away. There was no other city left on Saturn—the last of the people were here. Now Saturn would be far over an island of misery.

The Earthmen shrunk from the armies they found themselves to witness. They saw these hideous people black, grey, the red country, still covered and smelt with blood. The Chief Senator bowed them speaking.

"We're the last hope," MacRufus's jaw set in grim lines as he spoke.

"Come and an army could stay them, but we're the last hope with ourselves," said Wilby, not very loudly.

The Senator was watching them closely. He sensed the helplessness in their eyes—and a look of tragic despair gripped him as certain moments. Turning swiftly away, MacRufus spoke to his companions:

"There's the shadow of death of those eyes. . . . Do we go out fighting to these people?"

"It's up to you!" said Wilby.

There was silence on the little globe swelled round. The Chief Senator sat at the table, his head bowed in his hands. At last MacRufus brightened.

"I can remember how that bug died. White is death on Saturn. A white light killed me."

"Yes, I believe you're struck at. That's a damn anyway," emphasized Sid.

MacRufus made the Senator understood they wanted a small system turned brought to them.

The Chief understood. By signs he persuaded them to descend to another foot. There they were shown, pressed behind stone bars, a fabulous sea-transparent creature. The being was slaving and roaring with rage.

"Come on, Wilby, your job, I think," said MacRufus loudly.

They stood grimly, by, while the people of Saturn covered at the (or end of the interior).

"I'd almost a pleasure," grunted Wilby.

"I'd rather bash him with a club or sword if they'd let him loose."

"This was no time for dangerous sport, however. As it had been MacRufus the look-light was broken at the slant light."

The white beam shot out. There was a terrific scorch, then, crashing down upon the stones, the beam turned blue white, revealing a decrease harmless thing.

They turned away and approached the frightened group.

"With perpetual daylight, these people won't possess artificial light," observed Sid, thoughtfully.

"No. We'll get us assistants," agreed MacRufus. "There's the solar generator of the Sphere, and we can take the reflector

Death Comes from the Light

from our frequency apparatus. With those highways, those talk most are fast-moving spheres. Go back to the sphere which I explain in *My Nite* that we want a speed range of miles.

While Sid and Charles worked like fury, manipulating the electric governor and the great reflector of the sphere, MacRafes explained by signs and pencil and paper what he wanted.

Then for the next hour the Earthmen were at their own game, fixing up a powerful searchlight mechanism. They were nearly completed when the came to a halt, for the air, the MacRafes had an inspiration. At a consequence, electric torch batteries were broken up and the pencils of carbon extracted. Wires were led up to the glass-walled room, at the tower, and these bore the powerful reflector they glistered the air.

While they worked, in feverish haste, against the approach of the army of demons, they were conscious of a background of noise about the perimeter of the city.

A rising note of angry cursing, a wailing like a band of wretches working among the high state spires. One of the great mounds of Saturn had sprung up, and already it had risen to a tempered howling among the lofty towers.

Below the city gates, the swamp demons were gathering, cowering in gloom, snuggled against MacRafes and his company, commiserated at their task, had almost forgotten the approaching danger. Now that their malice of gloom was ready, they passed, and realized the imminent catastrophe.

Shooting along the rampart, MacRafes allowed the people of Saturn away, threatening, stern, urging them to keep under cover and out of sight of the powerful light they hoped to make.

The horde of demons were on the march. Above the gate, they heard fierce grunting howls. Yet, yet, MacRafes loved his order.

"Here!" They're coming on! We must get them before they can get under the shadow of the buildings. Bruce, Sid, start your engine and stand by. Willy, to the searchlight. It's direct from the dome above and end away.

In a few moments, something with the due of the beam, the beam and target about them, they heard the roar of an engine.

Willy drew the two, long carbon apart and immediately a burning incandescence arced across. Through the fiery atmosphere struck a shaft of light, intensely white, like a solid ray.

Shooting a glass pane aside, MacRafes stepped out into the swirling wind. With Sid across along about him, he started, clinging for life against the outrageous tempest, as wild fire shrieking. He headed himself upward by the shallow ribs of the sphere to a tiny recessed, the very vertex of the lofty tower.

Clinging grimly, necked by gear and kept to a slender steel column, MacRafes, with Sid across his back, and an assistant, a young fighter slimmer, holding upwards. The intense horde of living demons were making their final advance. They came on like fast-paced lions leaping out from the caverns of Hell.

MacRafes yanked down to Willy, he was unattached, pointing. In swift answer, the vast searchlight fell abandoned, swung and moved the first slow highway, then, clearing a little, the advance that was and struck the glassy web for miles. Inward, steady a shuddering scream mingled with the howl of the wind.

The light shuddered through pink darkness, turning about, and highways were eagerly covered with white bodies, glimmering the fragments of white china. Thus, swiftly, the darkness perished!

It all closed in an instant, were as heard in slow grimmeries, bodies never watching jelly like the creature. Like an obedient, the swamp animals had swayed obedient

forms. These noble jelly fish were the "intelligence" of the fighting army of demons. As the beam struck them, they became opaque, too, and being supported by gripping tentacles, floated over completely.

"Like rolling eggs," was Willy's glib jest.

The next instant, his satisfaction turned to horror and he yelled a warning to MacRafes. Willy saw his searchlight beam suddenly glittering on a segment of a large metal globe that was sluggishly rebounding about a steel column. Even as he realized that this was the Sid or Bruce the power of the globe threw it backward, over the transmission chain between Saturn's lofty buildings.

Then MacRafes came swarming down through the lightning wind, and Willy realized the entire situation of Sid, clinging to an open arch as the great bubble sailed close.

"They're being so!" he shouted as MacRafes dove up to the terrace.

One of the artificers of Saturn's domain, clutching the fatal searchlight, had taken refuge in the sphere. Once through the hatch open to allow the searchlight cables to pass, its vicious frame got to work, and grimly hastened questing among the lower led of the anti-Saturn frequency into action. It must have been that Sid knew reflexive, as instead of merely fixing the

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sphere would have shot upward, to be lost in the recesses of the Universe.

As Willy gazed horror-stricken at Sid, clinging gibberly to the rim of the hatch, there sounded a crash beside him. Turning swiftly, he saw that the searchlight cables had formed a doubtful resistance between the tower and a terrible death for Sid.

Willy sprang at the disappearing apparatus, and with a violent effort he caught the carbon holders as they were clanging through the lofty archway.

But the power of Saturn's grid was too great. Slowly, his hands grasping like steel tongs, he was drawn remorselessly through the opening, the enormous globe whirling at the other end of the leashing cables like some mighty fish.

The smooth-curved surface of the globe shined like gold for the blazing gas, but even so, in a matter of moments the apparatus would burn Willy clear.

It was then that MacRafes dashed to his assistance. Tearing himself against a steel barricade, and reaching up, MacRafes caught a grip on the cables. Then began a slow, desperate struggle. Fighting, struggling, the two powerful Earthmen tugged back, giving life by just against the last wires of every light left on the terrace globe.

Then Willy extricated back until he pressed against the massive steel table. For one terrible instant MacRafes took the full

blow, while Willy whipped his cable ends beneath, then cut, the cars on table.

All that time there was the agonized fear that the metal cables might tear away from the sphere and MacRafes has strongly against prolonged strain. Sid swung, helpfully with the globe swung about him. He kept his eyes turned upward for fear of the globe above him, and within the sphere he could glimpse the chimney of the creature, where it had fastened itself.

Swiftly now, Willy and MacRafes shortened the distance, until, halting, the wires tore a hole around the table. MacRafes dug the carbonized hole in over the substance on to the narrow terrace.

There was no hope of getting the sphere down to Saturn's end again; no anti-groove available; and any moment now they might feel themselves snatched, as the sphere rotated Sid's weight, plunged free.

MacRafes made his decision swiftly. He knew that death is made as this moment, on heavily placed wanted list on the train of a second.

Reluctantly, he clambered up to the table tread, stood there poised, balanced in a headless aerial above the swirling depths, then springing outward he caught the edge of the hatch.

He heaved himself up, the sphere rolling and jolting beneath him, then, wrenched a

Here's a SCOOP

Our Ideas Feature

IT was to be expected that among the many thousands of our readers there would be some with the inventive turn of mind, but we did not anticipate acquiring like the responses we offer for ideas has received.

Hundreds of ideas are coming in by every post. On another page you will find a selection from those we have already examined, and further selections will be published week by week.

The Science Circle

WE have previously mentioned that our guests have been received from many readers that we should form a "Science Nutsman Club."

By the correspondence received on the subject it would appear that this is the wish of a very large majority of readers, but before definitely deciding on any scheme we want many opinions.

If you are interested and have not already written in give us your views, please do so now.

Flying Freaks Seek Safety in the Air

NEW ideas in airplane design are giving us "all safety."

The two latest "freak" machines have been designed for quick take-offs and exceedingly steep landings.

Two Canadian designers we see in Britain seeking the help of the British Government for their design. They wish to produce a machine operating on a runway as the length as a Zeppelin and which will be fitted with balloons. This "lag" partly supports a passenger plane and the machine will be equipped with four power units. There will be two engines driving wingtip blades.

With all this equipment the plane would be able to make comfortable landings on such hard to water. It is hoped to build the first machine 100 ft. long. It would carry 50 passengers at a cruising speed of 130 m.p.h.

Not so startling in the second was also in "planes. This has what seems to be a perfectly normal fuselage as we know it, but instead of ordinary wings there is a good curved disc mounted where the top wing of a biplane would come.

This disc takes the place of normal wings and is claimed to give extreme liftability in landing and take-off. Certainly the landings in early tests were made at a steep angle, but the effects did not seem to compare favorably with those of a normal airplane.

Super Express to Capture Tourist Trade

IN 8 hours recently airlines was made a train in which passengers can go into a special Dining Coach and enjoy dining at 60 a p.m. as they are whirled towards their destination. But that seems only to have been the first round in a great Continental Railway battle for tourist trade.

Paris appears to be lost of its attraction for the British tourist, and now legends show that the number of Britons visiting Berlin

was halved last year. . . . And knowing this the Hungarian authorities have been busy.

They are behind the operation of a wonderful fast huge express, the "Blue Danube," which brings Budapest within 30 hours of London, in the hope of uniting a good share of the tourist trade.

As the "Blue Danube," with its coaches of bright blue, races across the Continent passengers will be excited to take part in a bridge tournament. There is radio for all, and when the express reaches the Hungarian frontier a gyro orchestra comes on board and entertains the travellers.

If tired with all these exciting passengers can quit the train at Vienna and complete the journey by sailing along the Danube or travel by aeroplane—without extra cost.

New Bid for Sunken Treasure

CAN the British salvage ship *Atalanta II*, recover the treasure which went down in the *Leontine* when the latter was torpedoed off the Irish coast in 1522?

The British salvage vessel is to survey the spot in which the *Leontine* is lying, and the divers believe they will be successful. The wreck of the liner lies in 200 feet of water off Kinshel Head, in County Cork, and while working at 450 feet of water off it about the divers were able to recover £2,000,000 in gold from the treasure. Egypt.

Among the treasures which await successful salvagers of the *Leontine* there is a great wealth which alone is worth £25,000.

The Scourge of the Trees

BLISTERED and in danger of European Britain, but since about 1910 it has been steadily gaining a hold on the forests of what part in the United States.

In Montana and Idaho over three million acres of this fairly valuable tree have been destroyed by the dreaded fungus.

At the present time the U.S. Forestry Commission is fighting to exterminate the scourge.

It appears that the rust must have two hosts before reaching maturity; that is to say, it must first fix its life on one sort of tree before it attacks another kind.

In this case the first host is the silver fir, which consists of black currants, gooseberries, etc. The U.S. Government has large armies of men and boys employed pulling up the offending ones, of which there are over forty different wild varieties.

The rust appears first about March as a

sort of blister on the trunk of the white spruce. These blisters and fungus seeds spread into the next winter.

Arriving on the leaves of larches of the silver family, the spores walk themselves thoroughly at home. Then they penetrate and infect other larches, which become covered on the underside with transparent, fleshy patches.

Because even these dreaded patches spreading from one larch to another.

As various approaches further spores of a leaf-like appearance are developed on the infected leaves. These also are borne away by the wind.

The infection takes the place through the needles and rapidly spreads back into the very heart of the tree, eventually killing by destroying the foliage on getting the trunk.

Being the only plants capable of growing the first part in the development of the deadly spores, it is obvious that to eradicate the disease it will first be necessary to destroy all black currants and similar plants that are growing anywhere near the place.

Types of fishes which grow on the banks of streams with their heads in the water are killed by applying sodium chloride or calcium chloride to the water.

Other kinds are killed by spraying with heavy crops of oil. The "dead bodies" are then tipped up and dragged away by bladed motor tractors.

Electric Eye Helps Courtesy on the Road

EVERYBODY is familiar with the large "Electric" on the backs of long-distance motor vans which advise following drivers to sound their horns so that the heavy driver can pull over to allow them to pass.

Now a scientific counterpart of the road courtesy has made its appearance in France. It is an electric eye fitted to motor vans. When an overtaking motorist comes up behind the van he flashes on his lights, and the rays from the lamps strike the electric eye, which causes a bell to ring behind the driver.

This warned, he knows to pull over.

Voting by Radio

YOU have just heard the last of the "Electric" speakers and we are going straight ahead with the Election paper. Will all those wishing to vote for the Left Party kindly press their Voting Button for three seconds. . . . Thank you. And we will then proceed to vote for the Right Party kindly press the button for a similar time. . . .

Ha! ha, everybody. The results of the General Election are as follows: . . .

This is the very definite possibility which has been opened up by a New York consulting engineer. He foresees the time when votes can be cast over the electrical power lines which drive a nation's radio sets.

Pressing a button attached to the set increases the radio signal ever so slightly, and when a large number of listeners press a button it would be possible to send off on preceding transmission at the power station how many people were pressing the button at once.

At last the scheme is likely to be applied in order to obtain listeners' opinions of definite broadcast programmes, but there is no reason why it should not be extended to larger uses.

SCOOPS



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* DEVIL'S TRUCE

THAT Zoroaster was in a bad way was evident. His face was haggard and bloodstreaked, his left arm hung limp and useless, and he was leaning on his left leg as if it were a splintered tree.

"Yes?" he croaked at sight of Derek.

"Yes," replied Derek, packing the gun which he had drawn. "How do you come to be here?"

Zoroaster smiled himself heavily on a bench.

"I might ask that same question of you," he jeered. "You—you're wounded?"

"Obviously," said Derek.

Zoroaster laughed heavily.

A few hours previously Derek O'Flann had been his prisoner aboard the dirigible stronghold of the modern pirates, the Black Vultures. But Zoroaster was the chief of the Vultures, and Derek had been too astute.

A member of the British Aeronautical Research Society, Derek had been assisting Professor Pylgus, of Berlin, in experiments with new engines in stratospheric spheres,



The Black Vultures go swooping down to the city of death.

The Black Vultures

the Black Vultures had swooped down on the town.

Deadly gas bombs had been dropped on to the jeering town, and then fast black planes, swooping from the giant dirigible, had brought the gas down to the looting.

Professor Pylgus had been gassed, and lay dead at his feet, but Derek O'Flann, who had been working late in the laboratory, had managed to get a mask in time.

On a sudden impulse, Derek had gone after the gas, and when the black ships rose from the dark town he had been hanging from the undercarriage of one of them.

But the new atmosphere in which the dirigible floated had overpowered Derek, and he regained consciousness to find himself in the hands of Zoroaster, Master of the Black Vultures.

He had been given the choice of joining the Vultures—or death; but had been given time to think it over, and then fast black planes had gone down to the looting of a warehouse in Tiber. Avoiding his chance, Derek had escaped from the dirigible by means of a parachute—only to drop into the very hands of Zoroaster.

"I'm sorry I cannot congratulate you," said Zoroaster, speaking with an effort. "It's a case of not of the flying you into the fire as far as you're concerned!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I advised," replied the pirate leader. "My machine overpowered and took you. The flames must have been seen for miles around."

"Well, you fool!"—Zoroaster's voice was jolly and dangerous—"we've reached the

warehouse of King Ezz. By now the news will have travelled the length and breadth of Tibet. We'll never live to reach the frontier. Every crowd priest and peasant will be on the look out for us!"

"But!" said Derek questioningly.

Again Zoroaster laughed, quietly and loudly.

"Yes, no," he replied. "It is that black flying kiln—blast I recognize as mine, by the way—you will be safe for one of my men."

"I've done the flying kiln."

"And will you be able to satisfactorily explain how you came to be wandering alone with neither guides nor camp party?" jeered Zoroaster.

"I tell you, every white man found in these hills will be executed and defamed and those black robed vultures will tear before your eyes."

"No," said Derek slowly. "I don't say you're very well."

"You can talk it from me, they won't," answered Zoroaster. "If you fall into their hands you will die horribly. You have lost one chance of life!"

"And this is?" asked Derek.

"By staying with me," replied Zoroaster. "I know the empty world. The back trails and the hill trails. If there is one man who can reach the frontier it is me. But I cannot reach it alone, for my arm is broken and I am hurt in head."

He touched his side and in the grey light of morning his face was ashen.

"As it is," he went on. "I tell you frankly, I do not think we will ever reach the frontier. These hills will be searched before the day has passed. Thank goodness, they cannot search every crevice, cave and hidden. If we can manage to hide until

sightful we will have a chance of winning through, for we can then travel on trail down."

"You seem very certain that I am retaining here with you," observed Derek.

Zoroaster a devil grin flashed on a worthless smile, and with twinkling head he gazed along the valley below.

"There lies the way, my friend," he said.

"You are at liberty to take it if you will. But, I warn you, it is the road to death. If you go I shall remain seated here with the best black robed priest against, when I shall afford him the satisfaction of seeing me blow my head out."

"And the world will be rid of an infamously scoundrel," commented Derek.

"That may be," returned Zoroaster, without any trace of anger in his haggard face. "I do not intend to discuss the ethics of it at the moment. All I have to say to you, my friend, is that if we part here we both die. If we keep together we have, at least, some chance of life."

"And assuming we do manage to reach the frontier?" asked Derek.

"You will do your best to lead me over to the authorities to be tried on charges of piracy and murder," replied Zoroaster. "I shall do my best to prevent repair being handed over. The whole thing is on the honor of the gods. It is useless to discuss it here. Are you prepared to call a truce until then, or do you want to die the horribly it is the cursed prohibition head?"

Derek was silent. He knew the truth of what Zoroaster had said. Alone, without map or compass, he would never reach the frontier. Again, even if he could win through, it was impossible to leave Zoroaster

here either to kill himself or to be tortured to death by the outraged priests of Bhadda.

Zoroaster must be handed over to a proper torment where he would be given a fair and unbiased trial. Unconscious though he was, he was entitled to that, and could not be left to die at the hands of the priests.

But what a devil's job has Zoroaster had. A tenderer and his intended victim traveling a lonely, perilous trail together, each dependent on the other for his life.

And when the frontier was reached?

There would come the show-down. And that, as Zoroaster had said, was on the lines of the gods.

"Well," Zoroaster's voice cut in on Derek's thought, "what are you going to do?"

Derek changed his shoulders.
"Reason with you," he replied. "I have no other option, for I intend to see you hanged!"

"I trust," cried Zoroaster, grim humor in his sun-filled eyes, "that you will find it a pleasing prospect."

★ THE HUNT ACROSS THE MOORS

THEY took cover well up the hillside amongst handfuls of scattered heather. "And here we wait until night-fall," said Zoroaster, when Derek had strapped his ladder and on an improvised stand made from the thick heather of a gun-hole. "So if you become hungry, my friend, just tighten your belt or draw one of these!"

He proffered a case of cheroots. Derek waived them aside.

"If your machine took fire when you coughed," he said, "your joints must have won. Won't they strain and lock for you?"

"Not they," replied Zoroaster. "It would be madness. Beings will, and let us be so accused in consequence. False night has come, but I doubt it. One does not look for cheivry so much as I command."

He little of pointing away down the valley towards where a score or more of black-robed figures had appeared.

"Behold the benefits of Bhadda," he said. "If they pull up the stool we've done better and in your gun—see! keep a hold on your self!"

Longing full length behind the massive hooded shape they had sought cover, he and Derek watched the monks slowly progressing up the valley in a long line which covered both its sides.

"They're going to come very close to us," observed Zoroaster grimly. "We'd better move back, I think."

"Can you manage it?" asked Derek.

"I can manage anything to avoid those voltures," responded Zoroaster, and there was that in his words which reassured to Derek more clearly than anything else Zoroaster had said; just how much the private leader frowned the black-robed priests.

Meeting with infinite caution and keeping always at the cover of the heathers, the two fugitives watched their way further up the hillside.

Zoroaster's face was deathly with the agony of his broken arm and external hurt, but grimly he kept on, his brow wet with cold sweat.

More than once Derek had to assist him, and at such times Zoroaster would croak his thanks through lead lips. They reached at length a crevice formed by two huge heather lying propped together on their sides, and taking into it, Zoroaster slumped. He lay forward on his face in the black abyss of an overhanging crevice.

There was little or nothing Derek could do for him, and, drawing his gun, he lay watching the monks progressing up the valley, hearing indistinctly among the rocks and heathers in the moon whose machine they had seen crash in flames, and whose body

they had seen found amongst the burned-out wreckage.

Nearer they came, and at those on the left Derek drew close and close to where he and the unconscious Zoroaster lay, Derek's finger tightened on the trigger of his gun.

Yet the danger passed. It was only a matter of yards away, in the form of two giant and monstrous monks whose great, curved swords showed glancingly beneath their robes as they strode along.

As Zoroaster had said, it was impossible for them to search every heather, one and one of the wide valley. To have done so would have roused the tea flames they sought, and their gasping eyes failed to locate the two black heather and better lying grass and mosses beneath the overhanging heather.

A turn in the valley soon hid them from view, and steering, Zoroaster mentioned a few disjointed words, then dropped off into the deep sleep of death, unconscious a sleep from which he did not awake until the short, grey afternoon was merging into dusk.

to the PLANETS
A Weekly Up-to-the-minute News Feature on Modern Late-Physics
By P. E. CLEATOR
(Director of the British Inter-Planetary Society)

Rocketry in the U.S.S.R.

RUSSIA has long been interested in the possibilities of rocket propulsion. As early as the beginning of the present century a scientific theory of space travel was advanced by Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, a Zakharkov, who wrote several books on the subject.

As a result of Zakharkov's teachings there exist today, in Moscow and Leningrad, two Groups for the Study of Rocket Motors, one of which is the G. I. D. E. S. Club.

I have just received a report from Dr. Viktor I. Barinova, of the Leningrad University Observatory. At the present moment the Russian group is experimenting with rocket planes for stratosphere travel, while the Leningrad group is planning to shoot a test rocket which will reach the outer limits of the Earth's atmosphere.

Recently Ing. Shlim, of the Leningrad group, invented a new type of rocket motor, which works as a relay sensitive principle, and a special rocket is now being constructed for the purpose of testing it.

The rocket, which will be propelled by liquid fuel, is approximately ten feet in height, and weighs nearly 100 pounds. It has been designed to carry meteorological instruments, and it is calculated that it will attain a height of over thirty miles.

It is hoped that the rocket will be ready for launching in a few months.

The International Rocket Society

PLANS are afoot to link up all the various Inter-Planetary Societies throughout the world in one international rocket society. I have received a letter from the organizers, Mr. H. Edward Peabody, of New York, in which he explains that it has now been arranged for him to draw up tentative plans, which will be submitted to the leaders of the various societies throughout the world for discussion and criticism.

In this way, he quotes from Mr. Peabody's letter, it will be possible "quickly to reduce to a minimum the expense of rocket work."

I will, of course, give a full report of the progress in connection with this important scheme in due course.

One in hand, Derek was noted propped against one of the heathers, drawing with another eye down into the smoke-filled valley.

"It is evening," said Zoroaster words lightly, and his voice was strange.

"Yes, evening," replied Derek, "and time we were making if you feel up to it."

"You should have ventured on before," said Zoroaster, smiling and then sober and straightening anxiously to his feet. "These monks did not feel so then!"

"So, and I've seen no more of them," explained Derek, also rising. "The coast's clear, I think."

"Come on then," said Zoroaster, then added, as he and Derek made their way down towards the valley bottom. "I don't know about you, but I'm damned hungry!"

Derek looked at him. His face was drawn and begged.

"I think you want a doctor rather than a meal," remarked Derek dryly. "How far off you reckon we are from the frontier?"

"Three hundred miles," answered Zoroaster, perhaps a little more. There's rather a long way to go."

"Yes," agreed Derek.

They were alone then, thinking their way between the heathers of the valley bottom. Suddenly Zoroaster gripped Derek by the arm.

"Listen!" he whispered.

Derek looked rigid and uncertain. As he did so there came to his ears the sound of approaching monks.

"Be quiet, for your life!" cried Zoroaster, and surely he and Derek went to cover behind a nearby heather.

The sound of voices drew nearer and there loomed up out of the dusk two tall and black-robed monks striding heavily along.

Zoroaster never hesitated. Drawing his gun from his belt he straightened up, and before Derek had realized his intention the dusk was split by vivid flame and the stillness of the valley shattered by the roar of the powerful automobile.

The range was far too short to allow of a rim. Death-looking loudly out of the monk took those two monks (regally) answers, and with their shovels and broods hunked down almost to pieces they cringed as their feet and toppled to the ground.

"Three ideas of these will get us a better chance of escape," cried Zoroaster, thrusting his still smoking gun into his belt. "We'll have to move quickly, though. They may not be alone!"

"That's just what I'm thinking," remarked Derek, shaken by the manful slaughter. "Your gun must have been heard for miles."

"It's a shame we had to take," smiled Zoroaster. "It will be night in a few minutes, and present of us then will be the best."

Handing over one of the dead priests, he used his smoldering right hand to strip the ear of his robes, which Derek quickly stripped the other.

"This is much better," said Zoroaster, when both he and Derek stood hooded and black-robed, each with a great sword strapped across his waist. "I can talk their ears and tongue, and if we are careful none will suspect that we are not a couple of priests—Moo and Joo, had they?"

The latter swung cross in a screen and his gun blazed into life, striking hardly through the dusk, as from behind the adjacent rocks ran a score or more of black-robed figures.

"Yes, you feel!" he yelled at Derek.

"We are surrounded!"

Whipping out his gun, Derek blazed into the priests who were swarming in on them, but nothing could stay their voracious march.

Already Zoroaster's trigger was clicking lazily, for his gun was empty, and as Derek coughed his last words into the throat of a towering and powerful monk, black-robed arms were flung around him from behind and the flat of a sword crushed abjectly down on his head, plunging him into oblivion.

★THE VENGEANCE OF BUDDHA

WHEN Derek next opened his eyes it was to find himself lying bound hand and foot on the floor of a small and dimly-lighted stone cell.

Slowly, raising his head, and Zoroaster, his back against the wall, struggling to a sitting posture, Derek blinked dazedly about him, for his head was aching agonizingly.

"Well, we didn't get far," he commented grimly. "Where exactly are we?"

"In the monastery of Kin Hin," replied Zoroaster. "I hope you are prepared for death, my friend."

"I've been prepared for it ever since I landed on your blasted ship!" snapped Derek.

Zoroaster's bloodless lips twisted in a grimace which was meant for a smile.

"Yes, but not such a death as now. You are sure for it," he replied. "Listen!"

To Derek's straining ears nothing seemed to break the hushed and brooding stillness of the monastery. Then so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, he heard that most dread and soul-stirring of all sounds—the call of ruffed thrush.

The note grew in volume until, a beautiful颤音 of sound, it reverberated through the corridors and cells to die slowly away.

"That is the call to service," said Zoroaster calmly. "I thank you very much now."

Secretly had he stored the words that three came the sound of rattled bells in the courtyard outside the cell, a key grated in the lock and the door swung open.

Standing on the threshold were six black-robed and hooded monks accompanied by the abbot, a stout and beaming dwarf, from whose girdle peeped a heavy bunch of keys.

Stepping into the cell, the monks seized Derek and Zoroaster, jerked them roughly to their feet, searched the monks about their ankles and searched them from the cell.

Thus began a nightmare journey through a labyrinth of corridors and doors, a wide, clean, stone staircase guarded by hooded monks with drawn swords in their hands, until the great cavern which dominated the entrance to the temple was reached.

Following under the canopy, the leader of the escort led the way into the dimly-lit cavernous temple, where a great concourse of priests were gathered in a vast circle in front of the towering image of the Buddha. The Buddha of the past, of the present and of the future.

On an ornate and gilded throne at the feet of the Buddha of the present sat a withered and shriveled abbot in gorgeous vestments studded with precious stones.

The assembled monks moved aside to afford the prisoners and their escort passage, and in the midst of their guards Zoroaster and Derek were marched before the abbot.

"Behold, O Abbot of Kin Hin!" cried the leader of the escort solemnly. "Behold the dogs whom the great Buddha has delivered into thy hands!"

The withered abbot leaned forward on his throne, his aged eyes taking slow and serious stock of Derek and Zoroaster.

"So two of ye who so rudely entered the sanctuary of Kin Hin last night now stand before the omnipotent Buddha whom ye do not yet understand," he intoned.

"Have ye sought to lay before Buddha rivers in his wrath to visit upon ye the dire penalties now that have resulted?"

"No, nothing at all, O Abbot," answered Zoroaster. "Proceed with the ceremony and ye will see how at least one man can do it."

"They suggest that too," snarled the abbot, "but when they have witnessed the manner of thy death perhaps thy courage will desert thee?"

With a shiver, slow like lead he gazed to the priests, who dropped forward from their stolid and starchy, impudently gawdaw, who gibbered like a madman and tried to run to posture themselves at the feet of the abbot.



The Duke was split by David Flame, and the two hooded monks swung on their feet and tumbled to the ground.

"Behold now who struck a priest of Buddha," cried the abbot. "The two thieves have finished with him, and now Buddha is about to claim him for his own. As he dies, so shall ye!"

Opening another passage of that shiny band two monks climbed swiftly up the steps which led to the lap of the great Buddha of the present.

The two monks then descended and joined their black-robed brethren, leaving the poor tortured wretch struggling in a frenzy of despair, fast as the bottom of that cavernous hole.

Rising from his throne, the abbot stood with uplifted hands in front of the god.

"Behold, O Buddha!" he cried. "Behold the dog who struck a priest of mine. Is thy hand to lay and to give to the vilest of vermin?"

As the shrill words resound, Derek's terrified eyes saw the great head of the Buddha begin to rise slowly from its mighty lap.

Higher and higher it rose, bearing the dim and dim terrified creature's life.

Slowly, slowly the gleaming metal fingers commenced to close about the gibbering creature.

"It's treachery!" The hoarse voice of Zoroaster spoke by Derek's side. "The whole thing is worked by machinery inside the god!"

Derek did not answer. Indeed, he scarce heard the words. Faced to the spot in horrified fascination he watched while those terrible pointed fingers tightened about the tortured peasant, remorselessly crushing him to a human pulp.

One awful animal cry broke from the howling lips of the victim. It was the death shriek and then it was stifled nothing.

Blood dripped from that gleaming hand; dropped down to the lap of the god and trickled to the floor. Then, slowly, the hand unloosed and from it dropped a hideous thing which a few moments before had been a man.

The shapless mass of pulp tumbled to the lap of the god and rolled off on to the floor.

"Steady!" Again the voice of Zoroaster spoke by Derek's side. "I warned you of what these cursed victims were capable of!"

Back to his very seat, Derek closed his eyes, and indeed his dreadful vision had passed by the abbot addressing Zoroaster.

"Thus last seen when thy fate is to be done who with thy cunning crown raised the monastery of Kin Hin. As that mad dog has died so shall thou. But the outraged Buddha will not crush thee so easily."

Thus will be a hanging death, with the least breathing room by one and three eyes starting but slowly from their sockets.

"That's not so with it," snarled Zoroaster, "and with thy racking torture!"

His words the features contorted with fury the abbot whirled on his throne and rapped out an order. Instantly Zoroaster was seized and his ankles prepared.

Helpless to his hands he was hoisted up to the lap of the god, where two monks tethered him to the great, curved fingers of the hand which had been loosened to grasp the second victim.

Waiting Derek saw the monks scramble down to the floor, then again, with uplifted hands, the abbot addressed the wide god.

"In thy grasp, O Buddha," he cried, "has one who evaded thy monastery of Kin Hin and violated thy holy shrine. We, thy servants, have delivered him to thee for vengeance, O Buddha, so that in thy omnipotent hand he may meet the death he has so richly earned!"

He paused, and slowly the giant hand commenced to rise, the great gleaming fingers closing cruelly to about their victim.

(More thrilling adventures in next week's installment at this powerful altar)

INVADERS from TIME

TIME—the paradox of science. Not the generally accepted matter of seconds, minutes and days, but one of the greatest mysteries of the universe. If we could travel faster than light we would overtake Time. If it were possible to reach the ultimate of motion Time would come to a standstill. Here is the story of a strange experiment in Time, related by one of the accepted masters of American science fiction.

By John Russell FEARN

★ AN EXPERIMENT IN TIME

TOM LAWTON, electrical analyst, had turned his scientific interests not to futile leads in the complicated and little known science of Time.

For, even the all-reaching problems found access to his mind, he had no time. He was busy, outside it, and upon the problem he turned by twenty years of knowledge and ingenuity.

Of course, nobody credited his discoveries or experiments; nobody believed he had any real line of research in his hands—mere conjecture, a stomach-trust and unproving evidence. But Fitchard, possessing no claim to actual invention, but mistaken intensely practical and calculating.

In the workshop at the rear of Tom's apartment London house three led grown, in odd hours, through the passage of many months, to a consultation and later of strange and remarkable devices.

Generators by the odd dozens, wires snaked from them across the floor and stepped into the roof beams. Three feet plumb lashed with purple liquid wire pulsed upright against the wall. . . . In the course of the workshop stood a machine—no, organ, vaguely cylindrical affair of struts and circular discs, the discs being capable of revolving in their well-lubricated bearings when necessary. And, linked to the whole, a swirl-bush of meters, plugs, and pilot switches.

"If my calculations are correct," said Tom thoughtfully, surveying all this mass of apparatus one Saturday afternoon, when he and his friend had concluded the actual assembling of the machinery, "we ought to be able to take something from a future time a bit long a way. I believe it to be physically impossible for us to move earlier in Time, but it ought to be possible to receive something from the future and bring it here to us."

"So you've said before," Bob remarked. "The trouble is, you're so wrapped up in your theories, you don't explain yourself properly."

"Well, this can be explained quickly enough," the young analyst promptly replied. "True, logically and clearly enough, it is linked inextricably to the phenomenon we call Speed, or Motion. For instance, the faster you go, the less time you take. Were you to reach the ultimate of speed you would never move, because you'd be back before you started. That would bring Motion and Time to zero. Understood?"



"Uh-huh," Bob asserted doubtfully. "Sounds a bit Irish!"

"Irish, he heaped! It's logic—scientific! That's the basis of the idea. Now, my system is the exact reversal of, shall we say, the ultimate of Speed. Since maximum velocity would result in no Time at all, it follows that great increases of speed—that is, the slower possible rate—would result in Time going actually faster than Motion. Hence, Time would speed onward, whilst apparent Motion ceases at zero. Get it?"

"Well—vaguely. You mean, that this machine alters the normal law of Motion in relation to Time, by slowing Time faster than Motion, hence it went on forward nothing of time faster than it is slow, is that it?"

"You've got it, absolutely! That's just it! And I do it by the special electricity of time, which, scarcely exceeds the law of Motion. That means three discs there to rotate, and its return they send out an visible magnetism into Time, magnetic

capable of bringing back to him any object of moment. You see, the moment I shut the current of the magnetic stream in the machine here, which, as I calculate it, must result in any object in future time coming back as well.

"How?" Bob queried dubiously.

"Possibly. But there are other things besides men, you know. Oh, I saw what you mean! Yes, the magnetic attracts both sea-land—anything. It isn't just limited to metal, like ordinary magnets. You see, the magnetism will bring back whatever happens to be in its path in future time. That's why I think we ought to make some pretty interesting discoveries if the thing works."

"But, say, aren't you ignoring a factor of Time?" Bob looked in, calculating at once.

"You can't bring a thing back, because if you do it will be in a spot, or Time, in which it never really existed or had being."

"You growled and turned to his watch-board."

"You're just repeating a supposedly scientific law of science," he said.

"I need to prove it for myself. Why should it apply, anyhow? It's all speculation. . . . We'll make a test and see, anyway."

Bob stood on one side and watched intently as his friend got to work with the machine of his remarkable device. Presently the apparatus began to hum; the purple light in the glass tubes flashed strongly. The air became misty with the smell of ozone from electric discharges. Sparks flamed from the positive contacts. The whole affair took on an indescribable weirdness.

Tom's face glowed with the perspiration of excitement as he stared eagerly at the empty space beneath the now rapidly rotating disk of the "Time Investigator."

With a look answered by terror and wrong the Time Pointer to the year A.D. 2234, we recalled years ahead of the present.

For perhaps ten minutes the humming and lighting continued without intermission. Then Tom cut out the motor-switch. The drum stopped, the lighting lights winked.

"Come a third. Petrified, the two friends stared with glowing eyes at the floor beneath the Time Investigator—stared transfixed at a glimmering ball of azure substance, silvery metal.

"What—what is it?" Bob ventured at last, taking a step forward.

"We'll soon find out, anyhow."

Stepping, Tom picked the ball up—it was perhaps six inches square with a remarkably engraved latitudinal and longitudinal lines. A quick examination revealed no trace of a lock, yet, manifestly, the thing was not solid.

"A box—out of future time—out of 2234!" Tom breathed, fascinated. "But, do you begin to realize the wonder of the thing we've done?" His whole idealism and was momentarily overcome with futuristic visions, visions which the practical, mundane Bob quickly dispelled.

"Be hanged to that—let's get the thing open. Any suggestions?"

"Try an electric charge on it," Tom responded, and placed the bar in the area of a focus lens. The switch shot over, and almost instantly the box blew apart under the strain of high-tension energy. From its shattering interior rolled a sheet of water, thin, misty, rolled up as the foliage of an old-time parchment.

"Ha, the box seems to be of something like silver, and this would thing's the mass," Tom commented, regarding the roll with slightly shaking hands. "It appears—Great Scott! What is it all, anyhow?"

Fuddled, the two stared at the now unrolled two-foot length of metal. Upon it were engraved intricate upon columns of numbers and, apparently, addresses, with dates at the ends of the curves. The following

was understandable English, though the names at the top of the scroll seemed remarkable pronouncements. "Winked, 2234, Maceo, 2232; Rashed, 1934 . . ." Tom looked up at his instrument. "What in the name of wonder is 'is, huh?" Bob, the last got right down through these names to our own year, 1934. What do you know about it?"

"I believe I've got it!" Bob ejaculated suddenly, after thinking for a moment. "In fact I'm sure of it. It's a pedigree!"

"A what? Don't be an ass! We're not dog fanatics!"

"Well, an ancestral record, then. See, the name of the person in 1934 is quite remarkable—Robert Halford, 42, Maryland Gate, London, E.C. The names are quite normal until 2234 is reached, then they are names without. Don't you see? Those names here, and numbers, are names of those other people? Look carefully, Tom. At the top of the scroll are four names—Winked, Razer, Forjan and Lauer. These four names obviously exist in 2234, where we passed this thing from. Their names are shown as this list, and told down finally to our man—Robert Halford, who is presumably alive at this very moment. Though he doesn't know it, he is the father of all these folk who will come in future generations. Understand?"

"Good—yes!" Tom whistled dazedly.

"After all, though the years, the number of people from our fatherhood would be tremendous. . . . I believe we've hit it, Bob, though it does seem a darn odd of conception. Say, all this is no kidding to talk over here. Let's go in and have tea, and perhaps we'll straighten things out a bit . . ."

★ MEN OF TO-MORROW

THEY and reconnoitering brought home the realization to the two friends that they had indeed captured from 2234 a record of society organized on individualized social partnership.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Bob inquired, when they had discussed the matter from every angle.

"You worried me this positively. I'm worried if I know! The trouble is, we can never send anything back where we got it from. I'd tell you what we will do. I'll put this scroll in my own private section at dad's safe, and we'll have another look at getting 2234 to rights. The whole business is fascinating. Are you all?"

"Nothing could stop me now. Let's get going."

In a few minutes they were back in the laboratory, and ever more the Time Investigator got to work. For ten minutes it beamed its terrible magnetism into Time, then, as before, Tom cut the current off. A brief pause, then—

The two friends jumped back, averse with shock. For standing beneath the disk was some grass, sparse-haired men, dressed in close-fitting uniforms, with instruments—six in each of them—in special holders in their leather belts.

For a while they stood in silence, gazing round the workshop with eyes of cold fire. Indeed, the face of them was so much alike as their blue eyes, square faces, and black-haired heads, barely covered with peaked caps, that they might have been brothers. Then, with a slow, hostile scientific tread, they walked out into the laboratory.

"We'd better run for it!" Bob breathed, sudden fear overwhelming him. Then he looked about him dispassionately as the rubber eyes of the obvious leader of the quartet turned to him.

"You are responsible for the theft of our ancestral record?" he asked, in a hard, unrelenting voice. "Answer me! Quickly!"

"That was my doing—no accident," Tom blurted in quickly. "I tell you, who are you? Where do you belong to?"



A battering ram of destruction was hurled upon the grey walls of the Controlling Building in Trafalgar Square. From near-by roofs guns barked deadly rags at the grim fortress of the invaders from Time.

A Scientist of To-day Becomes a Genius of To-morrow

The man considered for a moment, and glanced significantly at his rigid-faced companion. Then at length he turned back to Tom.

"I, my young friend, am Varlok, Master of Greater London in the year 2036. These three are my brothers, Hainos, Farjos, and Lomon. By a clever piece of legerity with Time and electricity you stole from us a valuable ancestral record!" The man looked over that for a space, and looked at Tom's record book thoughtfully. "You are clever for your age, my son. Very clever. Of course, we would not make this discovery, and we know it to be a practically way of investigating Time."

"How did you know?" Bob asked in amazement.

"It is in our history records that in 1892 a young man named Thomas Lawton found how to explore Time. His invention was not used after the twentieth century, because it was a piece of limited power, but it provided the basis for a more thorough search into the mysteries of Time." Varlok smiled faintly. "You see, to me your history is new, to you, it lies in the future. . . . After the accidental theft of our record of ancestry, we discovered the cause of the trouble, and decided to use it when an attempt to investigate Time again. We placed ourselves in readiness in the case when our box was stolen from—and so we came here. Now we are here, there are many things we can do."

"But—but, we can't send you back again!" Tom cried desperately.

"Let that not worry you," Varlok returned calmly. "We realize that. However, we of 2036 are a scientific race—we give our lives for our progress. What better does that do for us? I spend the remainder of my lives in studying the habits and ways of the Ancient Britons! Indeed, we might make a few improvements with our greater knowledge."

"What do you propose doing?" Bob demanded, gathering courage.

"Of—of—of course," Varlok shrugged his massive shoulders. "I would most like to be in the Ancient London we took with us, at Trafalgar Square, and Thames, and Strand."

"We will change all of that. We have the knowledge of future time, and can turn it to advantage."

"But you can't go spending a city of eight million inhabitants like that—royalty of law and order!" Tom protested.

"Yes, we can, Varlok—"

The Master interrupted him with a bare chuckle. "Eight million inhabitants, all with the knowledge of medieval England! Don't you see what you could do if you went back six hundred years? You could perform miracles! So it is with us. . . . Yes, too, for you obviously possess fairly clever tools, should we care to loan them?"

"I understood so does my friend!"

Tom snapped fully. "I—"

"He looks so suddenly as Varlok whipped one of his six instruments from his leather belt.

"You cannot refuse the wish of Varlok!" he retorted loudly. "I can see you are both very foolish, but you shall obey! For the time being, this will suffice." He pressed a button upon the instrument, and a pink pencil of the least quality at both ends, with a tip. Instantly they sagged helplessly in the floor, all strength of law and muscle vanishing not at sight. They found they could not even speak; only wail and bellow.

Just electrically-induced paralysis, the Master explained coolly, explaining his weapon. "We have quite ways of dealing with the obstinate. . . ."

He ceased to speak, and, placing his hands on his hips and feet astride, surveyed the laboratory with staid air. Finally he nodded. "If you two have enough staff here for our purpose. Come—we will proceed."

This last remark was addressed to his three brothers.

In the next minutes that followed, the hapless Tom and Bob became the amazed

spectators of scientific wizardry on the part of the four men from Time. Using their various instruments they converted numbers, statistical devices in the laboratory into concrete and workable machines, a mass of wires and switches—the only prominent thing about it being a cylindrical projection possessing a convex lens. From which, upon tests being made, there sprang a beam of greenish blue.

"A brain-transference," Varlok commented at length, smiling grimly. "We have many times in our own Time. They have done into concrete and general apparatus. You see, the slow activity is merely concealed by excessive brain-substance, which hampers the activity of the brain-cells. This analysis, rough though it is in design, acts on the same principle as our normal case. Namely, it partially disrupts the connecting brain tissue and leaves the cells clear and active. . . . This by a slight alteration of intensity, we make a brain—your brain—entirely subservient to ours. You will be briefly clever, as we are, but you will only do what we tell you. You call it hypnosis—but it isn't! It is electrically controlled brain activity. Now you are here you will become our slaves!"

The two friends were roughly hauled to their feet and dragged on luminous stools before the bench. Varlok surveyed them for a moment in amused silence, then flicked the main switch on the remarkable contrivance he had caused to be created.

The greenish-blue beam immediately played upon Tom's shock of fair hair; his legs and temples seemed to glow strangely. For himself, he experienced the most amazing mental metamorphosis he had ever known. His mind seemed suddenly capable of comprehending the most abstruse and astounding things. He found he could quite clearly understand that transcendental mathematical problem the calculus. Yet, despite this alteration of thought, there was still a sense of control.

Early he realized it was the mind of the smiling Varlok dominating his thoughts. He felt he was unaccountably contented, and finally the four men of 2036 had before them two super-genius, yet both under their feet.

The analysis was removed, and the two friends abruptly found normal bodily vigor had returned. No thought was in their minds of rebellion. They were machine-part controlled, both mind and body.

"Excellent equipment, indeed," commented Farjos, glancing at his Master. "We could work for nothing better."

"True," Varlok conceded, complacently putting his various instruments in his belt case once more. "This particular task is complete, now let us view the old city of London. You two will lead us to the centre of your London—your Trafalgar Square."

"The way, Master," said Tom mechanically, and, opening the laboratory door, he stepped out into the back garden of his home. He had no recollection of his parents inside the house, otherwise he would undoubtedly have tried to summon their aid.

With the same measured tread, Bob by his side, he led the way through the wood-paved park and out into the street beyond, duly obeying by pathfinding—or darkness had now fully come.

"One!" greeted Farjos. "A system provided by the ancients, Master."

"Beyond question," Varlok agreed.

"We have electricity," Tom said quietly.

"This is not a high-class residential district, you know. How would the Master prefer to reach Trafalgar Square? It is a long walk."

"I would not necessarily lose my way, perhaps you would prefer a 'bus or trolley'?"

"Are these modes of progress?" the Master asked coolly.

"Yes."

Varlok shook his head. "No, then. We do not wish to excite the public curiosity. We will walk."

"So the journey commenced—a journey which proved the utter helplessness of the

brave-hearted Tom and Bob, and the enduring power of the men from Time. They walked with steady, rhythmical tread, drawing into the shadows as people passed, though it was obvious that they almost without fail transformed themselves into shadows. They could easily have been mistaken for someone, or something, invisible.

Then eventually the bright lights of the city began to come up, and progress by stealth was no longer possible. This being so, Varlok led the way forward with determined strides, but still no lead was paid to the crowd. He took a look about him, his glasses were cast at the somewhat vaguely starting, hapless Tom and Bob, but that was all.

So, down the Strand, amidst the throng of Christmas gowns, across the traffic jammed square, and to the centre of Trafalgar Square itself. Here Varlok called a halt, and stood for a while looking about him in apparent amazement at the towering lifts, the sky wires, and the black silhouette of Nelson's Column behind him.

The vision of—to him—old-world London seemed distinctly funny. He chuckled silently to himself at intervals. This generally he turned and cast a suggestive look at his three brothers.

"An excellent spot for a base," he commented slowly. "The very heart of old London. There is indeed something wonderful in being back in history like this—right back to the core of an almost forgotten city. You—hers will be our headquarters."

With that he turned slightly and surveyed Nelson's Column thoughtfully, right up to the dome where, where stood, behind the one-eyed statue. Quietly he looked from his left eye another of his instruments, then, sighing it upon the one hundred and fifty feet length, he passed the beam.

"The result was astounding!"

The column, time-honoured and almost sacred, suddenly split in twain, and across toppling downwards in a cloud of dust and falling masonry. The top of the dome of Nelson's Column collapsed outward, into space and crashed into a thousand pieces.

Within the space of a few minutes, as it seemed, a startled, dazed populace beheld Trafalgar Square littered with blocks of stone and thick black dust slowly descending in the night wind. Traffic came almost to a standstill; people came from all directions to stare and wonder.

"Stand back!" Varlok commanded, as the surging people pressed close about him. "It is touch as menas death! I have warned you!"

"What's all this about?" demanded a constable, striding through the crowd. "Hey, you! What do you think you're doing? You four are into me, come! I understand, that's what it is. Get with me!"

"I've warned you—stand back!" Varlok roared out, whipping another weapon from his belt. "Take heed, you fool!"

"Are—among of that?" the constable began, seeing Varlok by the shoulder in a fierce clutch. Then he staggered backwards, being barely, as a sudden lesson of pure cinema, revolved him. Finally, he fell backwards into the arms of the crowd, shattered, and became still.

"He's dead!" came an unheeded shout.

"Yes—dead!" Varlok snapped. "I warned him. You others do as I tell you. Keep away! Come along—be turned to his brother's. We have much to do."

Resolutely the party moved their way to the crowded roof of stone and dust that had been Nelson's Column. There, with infinite caution, ignoring the shouting people and proceeding of police whistles, Varlok led out four of his instruments on the stone-work ready for use. His brothers had likewise.

"Excellent," Farjos commented. "This will be easy, Master. The transportation of people in this manner should be arranged. But we had better hurry—the crowd is in no ugly mood."

London Changes into a City of the Future

"Have no fear of them," Varied rejoined, with his customary placidity. "They are nothing but fools; we can scare them best then with our brains and knowledge."

The vast crowd that had gathered became more quiet, however, as they witnessed what followed, for in the same manner as they had formed a human transformer out of odds and ends of electrical apparatus in Tom's laboratory, the men from Tom's created a small but efficient metal shield out of the granite of the fallen columns.

Four of these instruments, which emitted still paler beams, were capable of causing transmission of electricity across a screen as perfected by their advanced race that they could—and did—force out of the granite a square metal dwelling. It became obvious in the first week when the first and made from their entire apparatus had vanished.

There it stood—an unrecognizable fortress in the exact position where Nelson's Column had been a few short hours before.

There seemed to be only one door in the tiny stronghold, and through this the four men entered the interior, Tom and Bob, naturally retreated, accompanying them.

The door shut and a gaping populace remained for the first time that something had come into their crowded lives that was as apart and alien as anything they had ever known or dreamed of!

★ LONDON TRANSFORMED

TOWARDS midnight, as nothing further happened and the metal stronghold remained as solid as ever, the populace drifted in its way and normal life resumed.

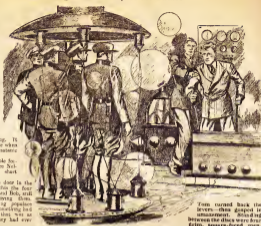
The story, however, had reached the newspapers of Fleet Street, Scotland Yard and the Home Office. As a result, the following morning an attack was made on the stronghold by the home-defense corps, and Trafalgar Square became, for perhaps the first time in history, the scene of martial law.

High explosives were flung at the doors of the invaders, every known means of destruction was rained upon it, but still it remained an impenetrable fortress. How was the Home Office to know that cold-steel was the air of 2234? That it was undetectable by all known forces and had a life of one million years?

Habitual living, whatever was proceeded with, was permitted before the dwelling with friendly messages an overhead beam, kept the inmates well and saw them pass down through the apparently solid walls—but still nothing happened. So finally, tired of their efforts, the corps withdrew to await events.

In the stronghold itself Varied attacked with unending enthusiasm. He was passing through the wall, and on all sides it appeared as though the granite was of nothing stronger than glass—cracks were from visible, transparent lines within.

"Wonderful stuff that cold-steel steel," Varied said presently. "Owing to its atomic constitution it is impenetrable when Bob's falls upon it—in the outside, for instance. In here it is totally inert, the only opening of all being those ventilation holes in the roof—thus we are enabled to see through the walls. These people of old London are very amusing with their toys. We will change it all. Soon we are destined to stay in 2234 because we cannot retreat to our own time, we will at least have a very warm sleeping box. We two, my young friends, will now carry our message to the people. We



Tom turned back the levers—this gasped in amazement. Standing between the discs were four girls, square-faced men.

will control your basis so that the right words are spoken. No harm will befall you. Now go . . .

"It shall be done, Master," Tom assented quickly, and Bob nodded also.

In another moment the two friends were outside, and under the metal dweller of the men from Tom's made their way to St. James Park. People standing round Trafalgar Square followed at a safe distance, and by the time they had reached a deserted back-stand, a numerous crowd had gathered round to listen.

"My friends," Tom shouted, with the words the oldest Varied was deliberately putting in his brain. "You are at the mercy of four men from the year a. 2234—who brought here by a scientific experiment. They save you no harm; rather they seek to improve on your methods by using their enormously advanced knowledge—knowledge six hundred years ahead of you. They ask that you place yourselves unreservedly in their hands, and in return they will give you a rapid London, a dozen of hours. They cannot return in these few days, so will require this one instant, and, ultimately, London will be a city of super-knowledge and power. Is it for you all to decide? What is your answer?"

"If they mean us harm, let them cry out!" shouted one.

"We would do with improvements!" hailed another.

"Here, here!"

Such was the general tenor of the crowd's response. In no time the vast square was all London knew. There were many doubters, but they were in the minority. Finally, it was agreed that the populace was willing to listen to a dozen or so improvements, and so the men from Tom's saw their first point. This point achieved, the two ambassadors returned to the Trafalgar Square stronghold.

"All London unreservedly in our hands," confessed Varied, with a grin made. "It is excellent news indeed. Thus we have London as we can command the world. It is a lesser of power, my young friends; in

2234 I was just the ruler of one city. Here back in Tom's, I can master all the earth—transformed chaos fulfilled. So be it! The improvements will commence!"

Five lines on a prearranged signal came. Four radio sets were obtained by Tom and Bob, and were connected by the most remarkable apparatus into one remarkable machine for radio-telephony. Indeed, super-radio-telephony, for the apparatus was capable of sending and hearing anything within the necessity of a transmitter at the other end. Also, it could, by attention to its circuit, pass through solid buildings and obtain clear-cut pictures of what was taking place within them.

With this machine, by means of radio instructions to the R. I. C., which, in turn, was relayed to all London, the vast improvement scheme began. Aided by Varied's necessary knowledge of advanced machinery months of work were accomplished in one day.

As London became a slowly changing city, "Buses disappeared, and in their stead appeared bullet-shaped machines that moved with inconceivable swiftness on almost invisible wheels. The streets underwent lightning changes—the Strand was widened, widened, appeared and disappeared, in a vast, rapidly changing scenery, as various streets were transformed into different orders.

The Tower Bridge was no longer by close system as time passed, but by itself but a steadily powerful stone tower station. The new, busy tags vanished and gave place to streamlined airplanes that plied the city waters with a swiftness and strength never dreamed possible.

By the change work on, everywhere. The Underground became a world of bustling, mechanized vehicles whose wheels the strange conveyances, the wide streets. A changing skyline and a changing city. In four months the invader from Tom's had brought about a metamorphosis in power and design.

In those four months they had emerged from their tiny stronghold in Trafalgar Square, and indeed created a reserve on the same site. A six-story edifice with windows at the summit only—a building of

and noise that equipped with every comfort and available resource, before the sole arrival of the freedom fighters.

The people of London had little cause to resent the presence of the invaders until one eventful, early spring day, when the tide began to turn.

Tom and Bob, still ambassadors, addressed an enormous meeting in St. James' Park one day.

"You have seen what the men from Time have done," Tom shouted, speaking, as ever, in a loud, nasal croak. "They have given you a perfect copy of the progress to make in the next twenty centuries in the popular eye. In London there are eight million inhabitants—four million for every centimeter."

The multitude remained significantly silent, waiting for the next.

"Varkid, the man who has given you so much comfort and progress, has decided that for equal noise he will reduce the population in quite enough. He therefore proposes to cut away the remaining four million. Now, my friends, half the population of London will suddenly die in a pop, and tomorrow night—as a clock. That is Varkid's idea. This is all we do with his apocalyptic machine, which he has in his stronghold. He—"

Tom proceeded as further. The multitude, at first enraptured with honor at the noble announcement, were too astounded to speak, but their rage became abruptly awakened. They surged forward in the direction of a famous speaking tree. Some began to march through the air. But now in clouds, and obeying mental commands, Bob suddenly turned, descended the headstart steps, and faced with more than twice speed back toward Trafalgar Square.

Tom, however, was not so lucky. A flying stone caught him full in the forehead, he cried deeply, toppled over the rail of the stand, and into the midst of the crowd. Immediately they began to cheer.

"He's dead," someone cried.

"The old bird's anything to do with those dirty invaders. He's somehow hypnotized by them, or something. Give him a chance."

"Yes—stand back there! Give him air!"

Gradually, the accused people began to nod down, and one member made a cup from a sheet of paper and brought water from a nearby drinking fountain. Under its influence Tom began to revive.

"What's what happened?" he asked dazedly, at last, looking at the sea of faces about him. "Good bye, my friends, I remember!" He sat up with a sudden jerk, wiping a smear of blood from his forehead.

"Take it easy, kid—you'll be all right," cooed his nurses.

"I'm all right—just a bit dazed," Tom asserted, staggering to his feet. "A most amazing thing has happened!" He stood up as if for a moment in something like silent awe, then he turned to face the crowd again.

"Friends, up to now I have been controlled by the—er—probably those things—but that blow on the head has broken that mental control machine! I am master of my own will again. But, if it has broken the mechanism, it hasn't spent the power which Varkid gave to me. I am nearly as clever as he is! He made me that way. Listen—"

Completely recovered, Tom climbed actively to the stand again.

"This machine from Time has spoken to you, through me, in language true. What he really says at control of the world, through bloodshed and ruthless destruction! My power of memory was not impaired, I can remember everything he plans to do. At windows tomorrow half London's inhabitants will die. Somehow, we've got to stop it! We must attack—and I, only I, can lead you. My friends, let us be set to return!"

"What do you propose doing?" somebody shouted.

"I will capture—and murder the assistants of everybody we can. The only know-

Government at the moment is Varkid himself, so we'll take the man into our own hands. In my mental impression condition I can think out the invasion necessary. It means war against the invaders—your three men, destroy them before they destroy us!"

"He's right! Down with the invaders!"

"Death to Varkid!"

And the shouts echoed, as it seemed, over the vast mass of newly made London.

* HALF LONDON DOOMED

VARKID awoke heavily as he studied Bob Richard standing before him.

"You found got away; I can't feel you by my televisor system. Where is he?" he demanded quickly. "It is better that you speak."

Bob's face remained a blank; he shook his head slowly.

"No man that way, Master," roared Fajris. "His mind is only controlled by your own. Even if he knows anything, his mind is not capable of letting him tell it."

Varkid started at that. "Of course, Fajris! That had not occurred to me. Very well, stand before the brain-mechanism, and we will break the mechanism of his mind. A pity, for it means you can never possess it. However, we must know where Tom is. We cannot have a strong ambassador."

Accordingly, the machine for controlling the brain-mechanism was switched on, and in another moment Bob was again the master of himself—hot, unlike Tom, he no longer retained power. He was simply left to his natural wit. With checked fire he stood facing the other-faced men of 2534.

"Where is Tom?" demanded Varkid again, his pale lips tight economy.

"I don't know what happened to him—he's probably dead," Bob answered thinly. "The crowd went out toynch him after he spoke those words of yours."

"You're lying! You know full well what happened to him. Speak, or I may be the worse for you!"

The soft glow of his eyes said: "You've got to believe that, Varkid! One thing I do know, and it is that all your former friends are now bitter enemies."

"What does that matter to me?" All facts, incapable of doing anything, say even that an arrow from an old-time bow could penetrate one of your modern tanks. Don't forget our stupendous knowledge—and this controlling building is proof against anything!"

Bob thought hopefully. "All right; I've said I know nothing. What are you going to do about it?"

"Be rid of you, immediately," Varkid snapped. "For the time being you will be imprisoned in the adjoining room whilst we arrive at some decision."

Unable to help himself, Bob was roughly seized and pushed into the contiguous apartment. The door, possessing a strong and pounding lock, closed.

In ready silence Bob wondered about the great apartment, gazing at the scientific machinery started against the walls in the sunlight streaming through the windows. He did not attempt to find a way out; he knew from past experience it was impossible. The windows, of which there were three, were really window units, being such a vast height from the ground.

For a while he stood by one of the windows looking down on so almost unrecognizably queer London. Then presently he turned to the wall of instruments again, and began to finger the various apparatus thoughtfully. It was as he was doing this that the door suddenly softly opened again, and Varkid and Fajris went stalking on the threshold.

"Leave that machinery alone!" the Master snapped angrily. "You may do some damage. That is the machine to operate the half of London's population tomorrow night."

Bob winced inward. He had forgotten the

Master's villainous plan, but now it returned to him with vivid realization. Quite suddenly, almost by instinct, he drew up his right fist and struck the Master a terrific blow on the jaw. Unprepared for the assault, he staggered backwards and collapsed against the metal wall, striking his head with crushing force. A short groan escaped him, then he sagged sideways and became still, obviously stunned with the concussion.

Surprised and delighted at his victory, Bob swung round on Fajris. This worthy was desperately striving to rip his jawbreaker from his lock, but chance ordained that it stick in its holder. In another instant Bob was upon him, and it became miraculously obvious that, whilst the men from Time were great houseworkers, they were anything but physically powerful. Against Bob's lunging frame and strong muscles the hapless Fajris stood little chance. In a few moments he was tethered to the mechanism by long lengths of metal wire, and finally secured to the leg of one of the bedsteads nearby.

Bob glanced as he rose to his feet.

"I thought you were out of that!" he threw down to him.

"It's true somebody else had a chance!"

With that he strode from the chamber, taking care to leave the door slightly ajar because he knew not how to operate the lock. Then, with quick strides, he moved to the radio-televisor machinery which he understood fairly well, hoping desperately that Haines and Lane, who evidently were elsewhere in the edifice, would not see fit to arrive.

Finally operating the dial of the machine, he stared into the screen until St. James' Park came into view. The place was deserted, nor did any sounds of pursuit beyond the chirping of birds reach him through the loudspeaker. Dejectedly, he searched London as comprehensively as he could, but nowhere could he find a trace of his missing friend. Tom had completely and mysteriously vanished.

At last he switched off, and sat for a moment in thought.

"Since I can't get out of here, the only thing I can do to help is to destroy that Apparatus," he realized to himself. "An Apparatus, ah! Sounds out a beam for ten miles, and, like mine, emits a circular beam—the air is excited by long enough for humans to die. A bright idea! I'll stop that, anyhow."

Nodding with decision he returned to the adjacent apartment, to find that Varkid had recovered his freedom completely behind him, gazed steadily and struggled to release himself from their bonds of wire as Bob slowly walked across to the Apparatus and surveyed its massive bulk, denoting upon the best method of destruction.

Possibly he had seen it and examined the many wiring terminals, dabbling in his mind—to be suddenly brought to attention again as something hard prodded him in the back.

"Better not, young friend," cooed a gun voice, and swinging round he beheld Haines and Lane, completely behind him, perspiration beaded. They had made no sound in entering owing to the thick plate carpet.

"Good work!" growled Varkid. "The job's yours, my friend, then release Fajris and I."

The instructions were only carried out, and Bob, to his alarm and disgust, found himself in the same position as his former victims had been. Varkid nodded in silent rose pity and led the way from the room with his three henchmen, closing the door steadily behind him.

"We will dispose of that awkward young man tomorrow night," he said grimly.

"What we release the Apparatus we will place him in the area of the electric charge. That will mean he will be surrounded by the

[Read on at foot of next page.]

FICTION Becomes FACT

H. G. Wells Predicted the Tank

IN February, 1915, Major Hetherington submitted to our War Office plans for a "giant" tank.

It was to be one hundred feet long, eighty feet wide, and forty-six feet high. The



which were forty feet in diameter, with treads of no less than 12 feet 4 inches, and the tank was to be able to ford rivers fifteen feet deep and climb over walls or embankments twenty feet high.

Its armor plating was to work out at three hundred tons, but the Director of Naval Construction, having studied the plans, declared the weight would be nearly a thousand tons, and that it was too big for practical use. Yet the tank also furnished, and it is hardly too much to say that tanks was the war for the allies.

Who invented the tank? Some say it was that amazing Italian, Leonardo da Vinci, four and a half centuries ago. He had an idea for a sort of portable fort with wheels and hoses used to pull or push it along, but the real originator of the tank was undoubtedly Mr. H. G. Wells in his story, "The Land Iron Clads," published in 1903—that is, seven years before the Great War began.

The Vision of Jules Verne

THE brilliant imagination of writers of 50 years ago has again foreshadowed the actual birth of earth-shaking inventions.

Jules Verne, that marvellous Frenchman, whose stories began to be published nearly seventy years ago, put the idea of Zeppelins in his "Captive of the Clouds," and later Mr. Wells advanced it in his "War in the Air." Mr. Wells' account of the German

Tanks, Zeppelins, Motor-cars, Aeroplanes, Poison Gas, X-Rays, Radium—Once Fiction, Now Fact

dirigibles that bombed New York might almost have been taken direct from newspapers of years later, recounting a Zeppelin raid on London.

Some thirty years ago "Penny's Weekly" published a serial called "The Angel of the Revolution," by George Griffith. Here again we can read of dirigible aeroplanes very much on the lines of the modern Zeppelin.

To go back to Jules Verne, let "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was an amazingly accurate forecast of the modern submarine, and his description of Captain Nemo's cone-shaped submarine vessel voyaging on the world's continents was a most accurate prophecy of the route of the German submarine during the Great War.

In another story called "The Begonia's Fortune" he described the use of poison gas in warfare. He even spoke of gas contained in shells fired from guns.

To-day Fiction—To-morrow Fact

IN future ages Jules Verne will be spoken of as the first writer to describe inter-planetary travel. He did this in his



"Journey Around the Moon," in which his adventures were first from a transoceanic voyage in a specially constructed shell.

One more forecast of his which must be mentioned is in one of his less known works

"Very well, Master," Forgan nodded, "for, brother or no brother, Varied was always the commander-in-chief."

Down to what had once been Trafalgar Square, at the foot of the great building—the building without visible corner—Tom was pointing to the army he had brought with him, so many equipped with heavily made cartridges, constructed from his own knowledge of Varke's own complicated weapons, and armed by his electrical-gas-gas guns.

"My friends, this is our only chance to destroy the machines. If we fail, you know the power of our weapons to-morrow. Probably my friend is in a bad way, but if he is we cannot discriminate. The invaders must be destroyed, no matter who goes with them. It is the only course. Now—open fire! Our very lives depend on this!"

Immediately there sprang from the machines of the remarkable confusion array of all various colors—some best-guns, some odd-guns, others inventors—each with one aimed behind a barrier gun or destructor upon the gray walls of the Controller's building. Nothing happened. The machine's steel remained impervious. . . .

Then came the answer. From father's monstrous apparatus high up in the almighty building, there poured forth a death-dealing barrage of orange rays, rays which carried a hideous and death-ful make whatever they touched. The people screamed and fell back. Those who were not struck enough vanished in clouds of blue ash! The very concrete of the ground was eaten away by the senseless, terrifying force, and smoking, bottomless chasms and abysses appeared.

"The Steam Horse" This shows that it showed the coming of the motor car many years before the first one was constructed.

To go even further back we have the discovery of aviation prophesied by Balzac Letitia in that strange book "The Coming Race." "Vril," as he called it, could destroy life, yet, differently applied, could reduce the dead.

A writer named John Ury Lloyd had more than an idea of the coming of the X-Rays, although the words long before the first bit of the discovery had been on the world of science.



Fiction of the past consistently becomes the fact of the future, and this sort of imagination becomes increasingly common. The modern writer of Future Science Fiction has usually studied himself in science text books and knows, of course, far more of the powers of modern science than was possible to a man in the times of fiction as Jules Verne. Some of these stories of inter-planetary travel are so convincing that you feel, as you read them, they must be true. If they are not true, yet they will be in the not very distant future.

I do not for a moment suggest that all the marvels predicted in such stories can become fact, but I do feel sure that the people's minds are firmly on the borders of more than one of these worlds, and I can well fancy some youngster of the year 2094 digging up volumes of stories from his great grandfather's desk and exclaiming in amazement:

"I say, these old players knew a jolly right more than we think they did."

"Open war!" Tom shrieked. "Let 'em have it! All your weapons!"

Under this order machine, guided and driven by steam-turbine motors, rumbled heavily through the muck, bearing machine-machines, from which sprang terrific volleys of electricity. The machine's machine-lights lit the walls they turned into cascading streams of blue and purple fire, crackling and hissing—yet still, to Tom's growing horror, the building remained untouched and hardly scratched by the frightful onslaught. In the meantime, the terrible weapons of the Tom invaders were making death and destruction on all directions. People were vanishing by the dozen under the disintegrator and bomb-lance. In growing efficiency than anything Tom had devised—secret machines, of which Varke had never spoken. It clearly he had devised it meant to keep warlike knowledge private.

"Only one last course," Tom muttered at length, in the way he was acting as his commander-in-chief. "Try out that super-energy thing we brought along. It is loaded with two tons of pure copper. It is known to me that the latest disintegration of all that copper into pure energy ought to blow this building to the stars. We can but try. Tell the people to get back, there'll be danger."

Immediately, the men reaching there, the people pressed back and the tractor containing the super-energy revolver moved forward, governed now by remote radio control, so that the operation could be well out of range. At length Tom nodded, and himself depressed the disruptive-current button.

An assembly host of great fire burst

Continuing . . .

INVADEES FROM TIME

more energy we are proposing to spend over half London. As a result, he will die. A good idea, is it not?"

"Excellent," nodded Forgan in satisfaction. "And what of Tom?"

"The Master thinks . . . We cannot do anything about him. He has disappeared, and London seems quiet enough. Until to-morrow night there is both we can do . . ."

* DEFEATING TIME

IF, however, the apocalyptic Varke extended perfect quarters, and subsequently to his great plan to destroy half London's population, he was mistaken.

For at five o'clock that same evening he was startled to behold his entire controlling office surrounded by a literal army of people, headed by one whom he instantly recognized as Tom himself! His open jaw set as he beheld strange machines in the park's garden, trained on the available building.

"Trouble coming, Forgan, from the lack of things," he muttered hastily. "Tom sent late machine broken my will-power over him. All right, if they want trouble, they'll get it. Close all the windows with the shutters; if men have darkness in hand, then we can see through the walls. After that the show of you will stand by the watch-towers for the defensive weapons. I'll give orders. Get ready."

A Man's Sacrifice Cheats Time

itself as one of the rifles. The greatest shock and quaking, the basis of the Time invaders were hidden for a while in the eye-piercing glare, as the ropes convulsed itself into pure energy. Smoke rose in dense, solid columns; an appalling din split the air-drum.... Then the confusion began to subside, and with it sank the hearts of the brave little army who had fought so desperately for their liberty and freedom.

"The building still stands—intact!"
"We're there!" Tom growled hoarsely.
"Oh, why did I ever experiment with Time?" the officer cried, looking up at the world.
"No use repeating yourself now, son," roared his commander-in-chief. "The danger is done. Verbal went!"

No the intended army began to retreat, and the rest of the invaders from Time were set off as the last because obvious. The building of unknown steel was unmovable!

At midnight, Bob was released from his bonds and allowed to move about in comfort. The four rulers of London, complacent at their victory, spent the time strolling about the office and planning carefully for their intended future conquest. They took good care, however, to leave the room containing the amplifier securely locked.

Hearing no sound to guard Bob they felt him to be now asleep, snored deep as thought, and, talking amongst themselves, left the main control room.

"These must be a way, a technological way to defeat these invaders!" Bob now tried to himself. "I wonder if... That principle of theirs! It seems it ought to be

of our invention! I... Good heavens!" He sat up with a jerk in his chair, accompanied by a sudden exclamation. His face flushed with the sudden and yet painful possibility of it. "Yes! If I can only find it!" he breathed. "It's a chance!"

It is as instant he had crossed, for the second time that day, to the main assembly and began another careful search. This time, to his satisfaction, he met with luck. Finding Tom where he expected—in St. James' Park. The place was flooded with electric wires and, in the background, which Bob kept unobtrusively purchase the invaders might hear it, Tom was apparently sitting listening to reports over a radio set from the new London broadcasting station.

Instantly Bob searched the radio set down and presently detected the radio set from which the voice was emanating—a few adjustments and he had Tom's face clear on the screen. Beyond doubt it was his friend, surrounded by a group of his immediate supporters. There was little doubt of the radio-technology experiment on the face of everybody.

Bob quickly signified the wireless apparatus of the invaders' radio-technology, reaching forth a hand which was promptly and immediately cut out the invader's radio to the St. James' Park radio set. Tom and the others looked up in surprise—then became rigid in attention as Bob's own voice flowed to them in place of that of the speaker.

"Yes! Tom! Listen! This is Bob speaking from the controlling building—and it's a dangerous work, too. The invaders' way

is back at any moment. Listen carefully! The only way to save London is to get rid of the power from your safe back at home—your house was one of those which wasn't altered, as you know—and find the address that was given to Robert Ballard. He's the inventor of these time invaders. Find him, and explain to him that the only way to save London is to get rid of the, for by so doing he will destroy the invaders' set. At that rate the invaders should vanish from sight. If Tom likes, and the only chance. Can't you hear now. Ah!"

The night passed quietly enough, and the following day told Tom's success. Then Bob was quickly but firmly placed in the area of the amplifier and unconsciously agreed to it. Verbal accepted him with some satisfaction.

"You have one hour, my young friend—then extinction!"

Bob composed his lips. He wondered what Tom was doing, realizing he had received the message—but such had been sent from the television. But what was happening on the lateral? Bob's heart seemed to sink with the son, and presently Verbal's voice poured him into attention again.

"Five minutes, my young friend." The main speaker reached out his hand to the main lever for starting the generator, his eyes on his strange radio. "Four minutes! Three! Two! One!"

He checked the lever tentatively, preparatory to pulling it over, then, before Bob's very eyes, the four men mysteriously melted and vanished from sight!

"The room was empty!"

Bobbing with relief he found himself surrounded with the stress and inflated clock sweep. When he came in, Tom was leaning over him.

"Bob! Think heaven you're not dead!" Tom whispered. "I could never have forgiven myself. Your idea has probably saved the world—just as mine nearly destroyed it!"

"You mean—you mean you found Robert Ballard?" Bob asked, sitting up, alert again. "My own work?"

"In particular. Yes, we tracked down Ballard—the address was correct—but, fortunately for me, he was a worthy sort of chap who fully realized the possibilities involved—that he was the inventor of the men from Time. But, by doing—which in the urgency of the case was done by an accident of time in his own mind—he destroyed the secreted line by delimiting Time itself. Hence, all those who really come after him never really existed once he died. He, and his invention, from Time, evaporated into thin air. Ballard died at one minute to my exactly."

"Yes—yes. The invaders vanished at the same second," Bob nodded. "I thought my idea was right, and thank goodness for that progress we made, otherwise we'd never have been able to do it. But, Tom, if Ballard killed himself how did the invaders ever come to be in existence at all? As I see it, the invaders never existed, because they were never even born! You can't cheat Time!"

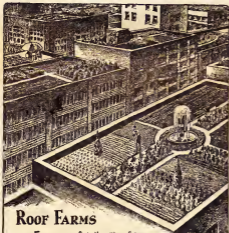
"It depends," Tom answered thoughtfully. "There are two states of consciousness—conscious and subconscious. In one, the invaders might be still existing, in the other, by what we so done, we caused them to lose—er—vanish forever. Got it? It is all a question. What is Time but a paradox, anyhow? We've got rid of them, and I've become a genius through them; we've got a paper outfit and everything—we're winners!"

"How did you get to be here, anyway?"
"Changed up to one of the windows and smashed it through with a firebarry. Only ordinary glass, you know. Well, that about finishes our little adventure with Time, and thank goodness for it. What more can we ask?"

"I'll tell you. A good meal and a shave!"
"Right on the nail! Let's be going!"

Can it be DONE?

Another Idea for Inventors



ROOF FARMS

Farms on roofs in the cities of tomorrow grow all kinds of vegetables in special soil on specially designed roofs.

It would spread out very much more roof farms and gardens will become necessary. One can find soils and fertilizers, drainage schemes, etc. for the roof gardens of tomorrow.

DEVILMAN of the DEEP

FEW places are left on earth that have not given up their secrets to Man. The depths of the sea is one of these, and in this amazing story of imaginative adventure our author takes three intrepid explorers down into a weird underworld



Subbing up and down to the surface of the ocean, Devilman flung up his arm in a signal to the passing ship.

✦ THE SEARCH FOR DEVILMAN

SEA FLIGHT, Prince of the Sub-sea world, twisted the motor that was balanced on gimbals on his table. At the door of his room on the summit of the submerged mountain peak stood a guard stiffly to attention.

Beside Sea Flight were Mark Stannard and Oliver Kells, the two scientists, and their companion, Alad Corvath.

With his hands on a lever opposite the dial and gauges at the other side of the room was the helmsman, the faithful physician and secretary of the Prince.

The three in the submarine slipped at an angle and ran on an endless screw the machinery room far below. The passageway was patrolled by fish-man troops, the control house was guarded, the entry place was an octopus and might have been the engineering shop of a British liner.

Another tilt was given the mirror. This time it showed the ocean above, here of any ship except a vessel that was plugging along in the water of the world. The signal was a flag with black words. The flag at its stem could be distinguished as that of Britain. The sea was rising over the horizon line.

Again the chamber tilted. This time the watchers saw the depths of the submarine caverns, the ice walls that kept the ocean at bay, the glow of the volcanoes below the hills, and the swaying steins and belching smoke of the boiling center of the world.

The three men had almost lost the reality of being surrounded at what they were so steadily expecting in this new world of rules below the Atlantic ocean. They had lost touching of days and nights; but the short glimpses of this exterior told them one thing—that up in the world they knew down was breaking.

Ever since they had been shown down to the depths in their flying gondola adventures had revealed both open there. The fish men who stood beside them were no larger grotesque animals, but had proved themselves highly intelligent beings.

The Northmen had helped Sea Flight to fight his enemy, Devthorn, the ancestor of evil intent who ruled by sorcery and terror. They had seen Devilman's father, the smaller black fish man, and his tall ancestor, swarting yellow things that were his allies also. Their quest had shown hundreds of these phobos. And yet, devilish things they were, the signs thought of always present in their minds—how to get back to Mother Earth.

They had seen things that few would believe. Their scientific knowledge had been widened, knitted, until it had become experience. Would they ever reach the upper world again? Sea Flight had promised to direct them in a passage by which they might escape; and their bodies were of the surface of the sea and the ship with its British flag had come upon them unexpectedly.

Up there in the chamber in the mountain top of the ocean had Sea Flight was contemplating a vision across of his own creation, a mirror that had all the characteristics of the supernatural world above. By it he could see all that was taking place within his kingdom so long as it showed to be possible.

As the mirror flashed glowing with the vision of the active volcano far below, Kells was forced to ask a question.

"How is it that the smoke of the crater under us does not rise and fill these caverns?"

"Deeper than you have yet been," was the reply, "are the draught channels. By powerful currents from our gasworks the smoke had and never are sent into regions we have not yet explored. In a moment we know that the fumes are consumed by the

high temperatures. I see no sign of Devilman."

It was the manner they had been looking for, searching through the hundreds of acres the mirror contained.

The battle which the three men had had with Devilman had been followed by Sea Flight's father snatching the enemy out of sight. They had passed through the belt of mistle with extraordinary the very center of the world where no gravitation law existed. They had sought Devilman but he had hidden somewhere in the darkness.

Once there in the gloom of the caverns of the underworld he had felt watched, but probably still alive.

Sea Flight turned to the fish man who stood at attention by the doorway.

"You and your men searched everywhere for him?" he asked sharply.

"Everywhere, Prince. We entered the eye of gale, we went to the very lip of the crater, slaying the yellow eggs as we went, but Devilman was not to be found."

Sea Flight seemed bowed to thought, tilting the mirror to and fro slowly.

"It would be too risky for you, my friends, to go towards the passage I spoke of so long as Devilman lives. To reach the

Strange Terrors of the Deep

opening we must gain access to the outer world. The position is this, while we hold the upper levels and the machinery, Drivlin and the men hold the center."

"You mean," said Stannard, "that he is still in possession of the source of the energy to see your city?"

Before Don Flight could answer, the Healer, who had stepped from the controls and was going into the service, uttered an exclamation and pointed to the reflector surface.

The edge of the circle had become cloudy, but through the mist shapes began to take form. From the left, low the surface changed to one of yellow as Don Flight moved it gently.

"Devilman!"

There was the monster crouching in the presence of the cure of gold, the scene of the crisis with Stannard. The walls of the cave glowed and shone in the manner, and the reason the scene had become visible was not far to seek.

One of the black fish men had brought into the cave a tall trunk that appeared flatly as if it were a box. The face and gold pieces of solid gold covered the top. Now every detail showed clearly.

Devilman had been brought back to the cave by the fish men, and several men stood around him and began to work over him, bandaging his body and his limbs and face with thin silk water-proof. They massaged him, giving back life to his exhausted frame in the fashion of the tribes.

"For some time that went on, and then Devilman lay on his back and shook his massive body like a dog that emerges from a bath. His hands closed at his face convulsively, his capacious mouth opened and shut as if he were at the act of speaking.

What he said, of course, could not be heard, but his gestures were swift and filled with meaning. They were hand motions, his feet being held, while more black fish men crowded into the cavern, and behind them came the little yellow men running to and fro like ants that cannot be still.

"I can guess what he is pleading," said Don Flight, with a grim smile. "Healer, you know your duty."

To the Healer at the door Don Flight gave a swift sign and the fish-man retired and disappeared at once.

The Healer had bowed to the Healer on the wall, pulling down her upper shoulder.

At once the vision was blotted out of the reflecting mirror. The surface became hazy and indistinct. A low dull line of a substance passed over the bright circle, but streaks of red mingled with the billows of mist.

Gradually the smoky impression cleared. There was no sign of Devilman now. All was dark and dense and gray, and then it grew lighter and then, in a flash, it was the brightness of hot that was shown.

Outside the chamber there was the shuffling of many feet. An army of tall fish-men passed in stately procession, their feet, with their dark trousers, their boots to indicate their place as they moved along on their shuffling legs. Last of all came a detachment carrying shafts of ammunition.

Now that we have located Devilman," said Don Flight, smiling to the three men, "the attack on his defenses will begin."

★ SEA FLIGHT ATTACKS

HE went over and looked at the mirror again. His surface was dimmed now by a red glow and though that glow Stannard and his comrades could see the terrific thought processes at work.

The fish that had shot at the submarine weapons had been driven off the job below the sea level. In fact, the movement proceeded through gaps into trenches far down the unknown regions. This had been done in the manner of a series of fees, the levers which the Healer had operated having the effect of cascading dampers.

The thought flashed into Stannard's mind that here he was looking at the solution of many of the perplexities that had puzzled mankind. The enormous potential heat here as called forth, wherever it was well known that the real source of an upheaval on the earth's crust which destroyed towns and whole landscapes was far away from the actual catastrophe. The heat that periodically threatened the towers near Etna was thrust upward by forces that were far from Etna.

Stannard never had established that the Japanese earthquake and its origin, like most other earthquakes, were very deep within the earth, where they made the sea.

Was it possible that these fish-men, highly educated and controlling the internal life of the earth, were the real cause of mankind's most frightful disasters? By closing their fins and sending the strength of their ribs into the internal veins were they really creating the outpourings from the world's volcanoes?

And this thought was followed by another. Of the earthquakes and upheavals that occurred suggested the deliberate outbursts of Africa and America without the expected disaster on the surface of the world taking place. Human sources had located some of these disturbances as being buried in the ocean. Tidal waves generally followed earthquakes. How was the key to the whole mystery?

It was these submerged fish men who were the cause of an upheaval, it was their operations, moving their own strength in relation that affected the world of man. The pressure of the internal gases of the earth compelled them at times to "let off" the accumulation by sending it through the veins of the centre of the earth. Don Flight himself, with all his knowledge, was unaware of the effect of this operation, just as the engineers of the world of men did not know what effect on the upper air the carbon atoms which their furnaces sent forth produced.

But all these speculations of Stannard were brought to a conclusion for the time being by the voice of Don Flight.

"You can speak any promise you care for your journey. We have stripped your sky of its contents, and there are at your disposal. Also, the three diving suits have been preserved for you. I have a special guard that will transport these things out of the water, and come to your deck to the passage of exit."

He beckoned to them to follow him, and they passed out of the chamber and proceeded along gangways to the vestibule-cave of the fish-men. They saw the trunk of their vessel still in the water over, its broken mass dangling over its deck. Their guides led by as they, its long cables still fastened to its top-plates—six miles of cable all ready for use.

Heavily they packed a supply of what provisions they desired from their ship. They took a huge supply of ammunition. They saw that the oxygen cylinders on the banks of their diving suits were full of the necessary gas. There was no hope of dominating the guide. It had to be left where it lay.

The thought returned Kella's mind that they could rise to the surface from the sea beyond the sea wall instead of making for the passage that extended a hundred miles underground. However, He remarked on the possibility, but Don Flight merely pointed to the sea wall significantly.

In the darkness, beyond the massive black of sea, could be seen the moving shapes of small black fish-men, the forces of Devilman. They came up and down and across the wall, passing through it, however, swarms of them leaving in the great way of the deep ocean. Devilman had sent a fleet to cut off the Earthmen's retreat in that direction.

"We have cut it off now by troops here," said Don Flight, "we will have done it before you return."

All night they were ready, and each man's diving suit was carried by a tall fish man

was acted as better and others carried the provisions and a little of water that were strapped to the skin coverings of sharks.

When they reached back the way they had come and turned into a deep leading down, said. For hours they toiled at the rear of the column of the troops. They reached the strange dark valley of half-living things in the first stage of life, and plunged their way toward to the ward bed of rock.

Again the men felt the same armatures as they had previously experienced, the same opposition to their legs, which cleared and gave place to the streamers of lightness. They faced the belt of indistinct matter in which rock and vegetation stretched in a swirling mass. Gravity began to wobble off. A cry leaving a long.

"Join hands," said Don Flight. "We must not separate here, or you will be lost for ever in the unknown."

The troops in front also, the men now, were joining hands in rows, those behind holding at the end of the line, the first in the front.

Don Flight's hand cry sounded as a signal. At once there was a common effort. The whole of the troops rose from their feet and spread out like a cloud of floating gulls.

The three men rose too. They pushed off from the ground like their companions, in a diving motion, and their moment were sailing through space like swimmers. But there was no opposition to their progress. They felt nothing whatsoever that would retard, indeed, they experienced the reverse. A gentle current which they could not distinguish existed beneath them without effect.

They seemed to be walking on a stream that neither bore them nor impeded them. And there was another peculiar sensation. Rocks loomed ahead which they observed and expected to bump against, but they did not bump. The rocks dissolved at their approach, or seemed to dissolve. They passed over floating vegetation, through it, below it. There was no real shore, there was no sea.

"For the first time in my life," said Don Flight, "I'm beginning to be afraid. Is this a kind of ghost we have entered, Mr. Stannard?"

"It is the lack of void," replied Don Flight. "You are in the very centre of it, and as there is no void, not really what they need to be. You others may understand what I mean," he added, turning to Stannard and Kella.

"It is a matter of going through a condition where the stem is not yet set," said Don Flight. "The electron and positive composing atoms are without the relative energy to cohere. Mass and weight have no laws here. We are in the South American."

"It's all Greek to me," muttered Corwell, "but why don't we drop to the ground?"

"It will be true," answered Stannard gladly. "But I'll try to explain simply. All the matter, or matter, would above masses are mass. Because the atoms are in a compact form. It is known, or one of the first laws of physics, that iron is first because it stays in shape. The same with other things. Here the proton and electron pairs by separation just what science has always said. All matter, as we know it, is built up because the electrons and protons form complex materials, and so gradually that which we know as matter, which is the mass of the world of lightness, matter and gas, is formed."

But where do these electrons and protons come from?"

"We do not know, but we know that they exist in necessarily hot cores before formation makes them matter, either gaseous or atomic. We, at the present moment, are in the centre of the earth, or near it, and that was our last aim."

"Hold steady!" came the voice of Don Flight, "we are approaching the edge of the left, and will soon be in the world of form."

Away ahead they could see the peculiar



Earthmen and flesh-men rose from the ground and bowed themselves floating—floating in strange void that had no form or feeling, with weird crystalline rocks whirling about them.

formations taking weird shapes they knew. The rocks were red, the ground rose up and remained dead, the heat became less oppressive. Through the vaporous came the light of steady glass liquid.

They looked as their feet again probably; but there was no time for talk just then, for from the distance ahead there came the thrilling voice of a creature. Like a creature on a stage the ground was broken by the face of light; and it was the light of the volcano that broke on them.

The three men found themselves on a ridge leading down to the deep pit that was the center of the earth. It was the pit of a crater; and across its volcanic rim, that might have been a wall in distance, they saw the enemy.

Devilmen stood tramping in distance. His feet emerged from the golden haze surrounded by a host of black flesh-men. There were loads of yellow bags hanging up and down the sides of the crater from which steam arose in wisps. But what caught Stronessa's eyes was the volume of thought that was controlling the active banner below.

Up from the center of the crater the steams rose, mingling with fumes of sulfur rock. It hurt the eyes to look at that white hot waste down there bubbling like an enormous pit of metal in a foundry. The fumes were white hot, too. But they did not rise upward.

The powerful thoughts that Sea Flight had set in motion carried the looping tongue into forests that have of the substance unbearable heat. The war of the thought taking the smoke away was like the constant run of the sea; indeed, a veritable sea of fumes and gas was being ferried through these

bowels into the earth, a strike of Niagara of blast furnace.

But lead, through the war of the volcanic fumes was, the tramping of Devilmen was leader. It came across the blazing gulf to wild devotion, and the storm of his troops made the jelling awful to look.

Sea Flight leapt up his arm as a signal for the attack to begin. His tall flesh-men moved along the rim of the crater, advancing evenly and steadily from two sides. The black troops and the yellow steps of Devilmen remained stationary, but they too had foundered into collapse.

★ THE STRUGGLE ON THE CRATER

WHEN the yellow wisps moved toward a little, clearing out a line of defense and a crack at the same time. They did not seem to feel the heat, nor fear the roaring flames. They scrambled down the pitted sides of the crater, yellow bottles of oil, and ran one after the other round the furnace of the steaming basin so that they were below the troops of Sea Flight.

Many of them were armed with tiny rockets that glimmered red in the glare of the furnace. Others carried balls as a yellowish material between their hands.

The advantage was against at once. These men were to attack from below and break the columns of Sea Flight, and as the three men watched, the battle began.

The wisps rushed upward over the volcano earth. Then trunks flared, then yellow spouts were thrown.

"A gas attack!" exclaimed Kiki. "Look at that!"

As the yellow spheres struck the attackers or scorched the ground they broke and each up 2 thick cloud of smoke. The tall fish man, who had no weapons save his hands, or the knee made they could find, were taken by surprise.

Under the pressure they knew they staggered, these fell over the rocky and were thrust by the wisps downward towards the center of the pit. Their bodies rolled and heaped down the rugged, blackened surface. These who could lay hold of a rock clung there; but the wisps were again that in a wave. The bodies of grey on their spines.

Down the slope into the white hot lava the helpless fish-men were thrust after the blood-sucking wisps had passed them. When they hit the lava, the victim expired and disappeared.

"I think," said Stronessa, "then is where we will take a lead, Sea Flight, even though our weapons may not carry that length. Kiki, try for Devilmen!"

The three men were out at once and their hands pointed straight at the steam. The three reports broke out as one. They might as well have sent their shots

Devilmen remained standing, taking no notice of the attempt on his life.

Again the revolver spoke, and again the same result. A third was the man fired. But it was useless. Apart from the distance at which Devilmen stood there was another reason. The electric bullets were being deflected from their course by the magnetic elements of the furnace below!

Meanwhile, the troops of Sea Flight were being evenly pushed. Devilmen was proving himself a general who could take every advantage of his position. But his wisps were by no means lacking in the struggle. Instead of their bodies lay on the edges of the crater's mouth, and wisps had dropped into the pit beside their enemies. Now the black fish men too had taken up the attack and were advancing with their weapons at close formation.

They rolled and drove the tall fish men back on either side. The horns that Sea Flight had thrown out, were being compelled to retreat, but they did not give a foot without inflicting death on the enemy in terrible shape. Yet retreat they must unless something was done.

Sea Flight signaled to be physician, the Healer. The latter ran back first the depth of the tunnel from which they had emerged and returned with a group of troops held in reserve. And these troops helped with their weapons that Devilmen could not supply.

Loads of barrels which had been taken from another warship, from wrecks, from Stronessa's ship, were carried to the ridge and laid down.

"We are not unprepared for this, you

Trapped in the Ocean Depths

er," said Sea Flight, with a smile. "There are our final orders to them."

He rapidly outlined his scheme, pointing towards one of the canals through which the flames and smoke of the motor were being fed.

"While we drive them back with the tanks, Stannox, you and your companions must make for that passage. We have our first item in a side corner which the Healer will operate, and the flames will rock back. Do not fear to pass through the wall of smoke and flame at sea."

He passed a chart into Stannox's hands. It was the diagram which had been provided for their diversion, a charcoal drawing on the white skin of a shark's throat and with it he handed over a pocket compass.

"Put on your diving caps, he urged. "You cannot hope to pass the gates otherwise, and sometimes, do not be afraid to push through the wall of flame. It will be but a momentary experience. The real test is at the top."

"I know. Anything else?"
"The passage narrows steeply. You will come to the arm of ocean below. Enter it and pass on, guided by a ridge of white rock. These greatest danger lies ahead, for it is the flooding of such an element."

"There are storm like here, then?"
"Yes, but such is slack and darkness. You will succeed. Five is one of your submersible leaders. You will need it. Farewell!"

A pressure of the hand and Sea Flight moved in the direction of his tanks, starting when he saw the door. The three men saw the bombs being brought forward as the flames began their maddest attack. Suddenly,

the leader was hoovey by three, but they swung them into the bank, snobs of the blocks as they might have been driven. Many of the bombs did not burst, and acted only as missiles, covering down the enemy by their weight; but those that did burst created terrific havoc.

The ground was torn up, the walls of the cave echoed as the gases, the black fog was now thickened. As the waves of smoke and darkness melted it could be seen that a hole had been burnt in the rim of the crater, and the ground was crumbling all around.

Down the three went dead and dying in an avalanche of debris that shot into the white hot depths with an explosion that rent the air. And from the holes three more columns after columns of smoke, in gusts of rock were thrown, upward to the very end and fell in a shower as all sides.

Those are the submersible boats exploding in that hole," cried Kells, as Sea Flight has performed a catastrophe. Sea Flight's lighter was gone!

The blocks had become demoralized at the boat's attack. They were running back, those who could run, to the shelter of the cases behind Drevlens, and his giant was moved and his voice transported as he called them back to the light.

Around the altar side of the top of the crater Sea Flight was tarrying with more bombs. The others in one form of his attack had been turned into a victory, and now he was about to perform the same operation on the other side.

But this time the blocks did not wait for more than the first bomb. It burst among their flying lines, sporting flame and earth, and then Sea Flight advanced to a lead to hand-combat.

"Now's our chance!" exclaimed Stannox. "We are with the diving men. Kells, what do you make of this?"

"I know it like the palm of my hand," was the reply. "It leads us to the mouth of the Pit, and explains the rebel wares of that region. There's a wren that the captain near Montevideo—I'll explain to us."

As soon as they had their diving suits on, the Healer guided them around the crater. Hardly they shook his head and clattered down the steps.

Stannox took the lead, and shuffled on way along the hot ground, which was soft and spongy. The road for the diving suits was lower, apparent. Gases began to find out their face gases as they pressed on.

But the light above them still continued at the very mouth of the crater. Many bombs were proving ineffective. These just the three men rolled a number of these bombs to rest on the hot earth. The Ladies of Iron and yellow caps followed the narrow path and slope.

Now the three were into the passage for which they were making. Stannox looked to his right and saw Sea Flight watching their progress eagerly. He saw the blocks back before the pressure of the French's tanks and Sea Drevlens, too, advanced the road and could not stem it. He was retreating slowly towards the crater. A wave of the hand from Sea Flight, a final gesture of farewell from the Healer, and then Stannox and his companions saw in front of them the wall of flame.

The Healer had operated the dough chamber controls from the edge of the pit, and this which had nothing to do with looking and bubbled like a whirring, with great little waves of flame spread all over the rim of that pool.

Stannox plunged into the flame followed by his companions. The simple fact that the most intense heat of a flame is at the top was proved in that way. The gases looked about them, but they were through in a flash and were facing the passage. Its dark mouth, stained with the carbon and black particulate of ages, seemed to invite them.

Stannox passed the entrance, Kells at his heels, but Drevlens, who had pushed forward, fell himself inflamed and threw out his air. There was a slight rousing and flashing on every side, he was smothered in sand and dust, his head was dashed against the sides of his helmet, the world spun round, and darkness came over him.

★ BACK TO THE SURFACE

He did not altogether lose consciousness. He was aware that a mighty explosion had taken place. Gradually he began to feel and stand erect. He was appalled at what he saw. The mouth of the passage had been closed. The released flames of the crater had found several unobstructed leads and had touched them all. One side of the crater seemed to have fallen away, and through the scorching earth there stood the smoking rim of an iron tube.

And Stannox and Kells began to understand that Kells' Curlew felt such as he would towards the wreckage. He swung round and saw that the effect had been different on the combustibles, too. There was now no ridge, no rim, along which they had been fighting. A path had appeared, cutting off Sea Flight's forces from those of Drevlens.

Stannox turned his head towards the little opening. Drevlens was not there, nor any of his troops. Stannox could be seen looking their horizontal axis towards the gold cave. Nobody could perceive these names and wonderful blocks. The roll of the great column dropped sheer into the sleeping banks on the side of which Curlew slept, and a heavy sand had thickened the atmosphere like a fog. The flames had died down.

A hand was laid on Curlew's shoulder. He turned, expecting to find Stannox. It was Sea Flight, and the Healer with him, who had descended down to his rescue.

"What's that?"

A top hat had scattered, the top of metal against sand.

"It is the pipe!" shouted Curlew. "They are alive!"

He scrambled up and laid hands on the pipe that stood upright, a narrow pipe of several inches diameter.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted frantically. "Are you there, air? Are you alive?"

Such were the answers in Stannox's cool voice.

"We are all right, Abel. How about you?"

"Safe and sound, Sir. Sea Flight is here and the Healer, too. We'll dig you out."

"I am afraid that is impossible, Curlew. This place is filled with dust and fog and only the end of this pipe is visible far from the entrance. There must be forty feet of earth between us."

The news seemed to stun Curlew.

"What's to be done?" he cried.

"Listen, Curlew. You cannot hurry after us. Tell Sea Flight I wish to speak to him."

Sea Flight put his ear to the end of the pipe and listened the same way.

"You are right," he said at last, with Curlew's heart in his mind a few of appreciation. "Drevlens would come here as well as we do. I will do as you say."

A few more words and then Sea Flight turned to Curlew.

"Your leader is very wise," he said. "He has given his orders. Listen to them for yourself."

Again Abel turned to Stannox. The plan which he proposed was the only one possible in the circumstances. It was that Curlew must make by the sea, while Stannox and Kells pursued their way through the underground tunnel.

"You remember when we looked into the abyss," said Stannox quickly, "we observed a British ship on the ocean below. It came by above those mountains. If you had appeared by any hole, which Sea Flight will provide, you may be picked up by that ship. It is making for the South American Main for Montevideo and expects to stop at the British Consul. We will pick you there."

There was nothing else for it, because Drevlens might at any moment swoop down his forces and attack again, and to do so was impossible in any case. There was no time to lose now, with a final word of encouragement to Curlew, the submersible ceased.

Hardly had they ceased to speak when another terrible rock place. The pipe was driven down and covered with earth. Communication was cut off.

At once Sea Flight handed Curlew over to the care of the Healer, while he himself hastened to press his victory to its conclusion. Curlew was guided by the Healer up the slope.

They left the combustibles and hastened back to the cave where the golden lay hidden upon the seaward, pending as they had done in coming to the attack, the serious stage of nature's devastating things.

The sound of the light died away and silence reigned in the heart of the depths as they faded ahead. They reached the high chamber they had left and here the Healer guided into the narrow, 100-foot, it is said, to Sea Flight had done.

Once more the ocean above appeared, the world sky, the long wall of the sea's surface. Here was sure sign to be observed, but the one they had seen earlier that day was heading straight for their position.

Curlew made a rapid calculation, but Stannox's knowledge being able to judge distance with fair accuracy.

"What's an hour's time from us?" he asked. "There's a chance, Healer, and I'm taking it. But there's something I want to do."

"What is that?"

"I wish to leave the position of this strange world. I'm going to take up the side end of the golden, with me. My ship, Stannox, will see to do so as soon as I ever reached the top. The heavy weight, anyway, and he would make for the position if I didn't mean that."

"You mean that he would come back here!"

[Read on in column one of next page]

Devilman of the Deep

"That's what you've got to do, I believe. You've got to leave a man in the dark."

So they hastened to make their preparations for the next attempt. There were doubts in the previous attempts that had been made. Corvelli in his diving suit was provided with an air bubble that dead to him as soon as he stopped just the opened barrel. The men closed around him, and he felt himself being drawn just the drifts and lowering himself to the depths.

In his hand he carried a tank filled with compressed air that to the loss end of the garden cable.

He rose slowly, almost imperceptibly. Again he saw the aftereffect of the big bubble that surrounded him, again he saw the green life of the ocean near past him.

The head was as he passed from one stage of pressure to another. But there was no more discomfort. As time he found the top repulating the oxygen thus flowed from the small tank on his shoulder into his lungs.

He entered a stratum of cold, he saw the life of the ocean pass in front of him, falling below him slowly. Fish swarmed away at his approach.

Once a shark passed at some distance, turned over and started into the darkness. His movement had frightened it.

And then, after a period, he saw the water around him become lighter. The bubble that surrounded him was fast expanding. Only a few shrimps of it remained, and then it, too, vanished.

His hands were struck by the chill of the sea. But he hardly felt the change. He was in water that was no longer dark. It became deep blue, then changed to a dull yellow. Then again to a green, and then all these faded into a general misty green shade.

And then, suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in the nose. His mouth opened up a little blood. As soon he turned all the pressure to his eyes. With blood eyes he looked around. He was looking on the surface of the sea, rolling like a ball, near in the trough and now on the crest of the waves.

He threw his arms up and down, splashing, turning himself round so that he saw green things, but now a view of the horizon. To his eyes he saw the sky stretching past him.

He waved his arms, splashing more than ever. He shouted, but reached that was quiet, when the noise of his voice inside his helmet deadened him.

But he had been sure. He observed the ship stay in her stride and circle round. He saw figures on the bridge looking at him through glasses. He waved now then ever.

A boat was lowered and he was taken from the sea. Not until he was hoisted on board the ship was he helped unhooked. He found himself facing the skipper and mate, while a man gazed in a boat on the sea.

"What ship is that?" asked Corvelli, with his first gasp.

"It's only a cargo boat bound for the Plains," said the skipper slowly, staring at Corvelli. "How did you come to be in the sea in a diving suit? What does it all mean?"

"Can you get me ashore at Newcastle, sir?"

"We're going there. But—"

"If you'll come with me to the British Consul at Newcastle, sir, I'll tell you the strangest tale you ever listened to, something you won't believe, but it's true. I came from the depths of the ocean, six miles down."

The skipper looked at the mate and the mate looked at the skipper.

"Poor chap," said the skipper, "he's dotty, but we'll take care of him. I'll hand him over to the Consul. We're due in Monte video before sundown. Take him below and make him comfortable, will you?"

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BOTTLE CAP BOOT-SCRAPER

You want a use for old bottle caps. Here you are.

Press them in the centre and screw or nail them side by side to a board.



Patent, if necessary, and the will make an excellent boot-scraper for the garden.—**N. Hills, Coltham, S.E. 6, Award of 2s. 6d.**

A NON-SLIP BATH

Is a recent issue of *IDEAS* you said that one of the things that was most wanted in the world was a non-slip bath? Well, here is an idea.

Why not a matting of rubber spacers intended to fit the bottom of the bath and held in place by bolts. Hook in the bath, by means of a steel strip? When the person has had a bath, the matting can be drawn in for the matting to be taken out, water appearing from it, the bath sprayed and the matting run back again.—**James Moore, Bedford 3, Luton, Award of 2s. 6d.**

USEFUL THE RACK

An idea to keep tea-knives and table. On a block of wood 18 in. x 5 in. x 1 in. screw ten thin lengths of 1/8 in. strip of metal, evenly spacing 4 in. on each side. Over the metal strips fix a length of canvas.



Two circular brackets fixed to the top and bottom of the block, and the rack can be attached to the wall. This can be used on the metal strips on a piece of wood, or on the canvas strip.—**G. M. Bebb, Barnstaple, Award of 2s. 6d.**

LUMINOUS KEYHOLES

Here is an idea I got at school, while watching a master fumbling for a keyhole in a dark passage. Why not have luminous keyholes and keyholes? A luminous square under glass, with the keyhole in the centre, or a similar circle round a keyhole in the centre would be a useful idea.—**David Suttie, Torquay, Award of 2s. 6d.**

This Week's Winning Idea

CLOSER played on a line have a habit of falling down the clothes line. Here is a simple little invention to stop this.

Make a screw with down the two prongs of a chicken peg and fix it across the hanger and over the line as shown in the accompanying sketch. The hanger will not slide down now.—**James Melrose, Newfield, Winning prize of 10s. 6d.**

GADGET FOR DIFFICULT SCREWS

I have always considered that the rounded handle of a screw-driver is wasteful, and that some other form of handle should be used to allow better purchase for getting out difficult screws. But until this comes along here is an idea.

Remove the handle and insert a wet down on to the shaft of the screw-driver. Solder is halfway down and put the handle in again. If a spanner is used with the screw-driver it will never be much better to remove difficult screws. The idea is explained in the little sketch I send. The spanner should be kept in a handy place with the screw-driver.—**A. Bibben, Derby, Award of 2s. 6d.**

TO CLEAN YOUR CAMERA

If your camera is of the folding hand type you no doubt find that the lens becomes very dirty and sooty.

Here is a good idea for removing these foreign particles. Dissolve a stick of sealing wax by rubbing it with a piece of flannel, and then pour it into the bellows of the camera. Move the stick round and round. The dirt will be attracted to the stick of sealing wax and can then be easily removed.—**G. B. Norman, Chesham, Award of 2s. 6d.**

BOTTLE CAP PAINT PALETTES

In the early days of the war, when I was painting for the army, I used to use bottle caps for mixing paint. If necessary, they can be screwed to a board, or thrown away after use.—**John Hughes, Bolton, Award of 2s. 6d.**



RADIO "LIGHTHOUSES"

Several airports this year used radio beacons to keep aircraft on a required course, and this idea has been extended in lighthouses and lightships as a warning to shipping in foggy weather instead of the uncertain bell or foghorn.

A condenser, for instance, could be enclosed in a field of radio waves carrying to the edge of the danger zone, and any ships passing into the field would automatically be warned.

If all the lighthouses and lightships installed on the same wavelength ships could be heard to their aid and operations would be warned as soon as the vessel entered the danger zone.—**B. B. Steer, Harwich, Essex, Award of 2s. 6d.**

PLUGGING AN OLD PIPE

Is a watermain in your way to plug an old pipe without making a permanent job of it. Here is an idea.

Press a hole through a solid rubber ball, such as a tennis ball, and push a bolt through with a nutker at each end. Screw on a wing nut, secure the ball in the end of the



pipe and screw up until the ball presses it tight. The plug will then be an air and water tight.—**J. S. Parker, Canby, Newport, Award of 2s. 6d.**

WHAT TO DO WITH BITS OF PENCIL

There is what to do with bits of old pencils—use them up. And in this way.

Fix them into the end of an old fountain pen holder, and there you can use to write half an inch.—**E. West, Wake Newington, N. 16, Award of 2s. 6d.**



Many students have tried a similar idea, using a rolled-up length of writing paper instead of the fountain pen holder, but the above idea was considered best.—**Editor.**

OLD RAZOR BLADES FOR NATIVES

You ask what can be done with old razor blades. May I suggest that the Charities, Clapham, London, etc., should collect them, or have a box placed outside for the reception of all such blades?

This I know would be gladly welcomed by the Missionary Societies for distribution in Africa, etc., where the natives generally use a piece of sharpened hoop iron for shaving and are very pleased to obtain a razor blade.

Razor blades have been collected in this town for that purpose.—**B. R. Goodwin, Great Yarmouth, Award of 2s. 6d.**

